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THE DEADLY
HANDS OF
KUNG FU

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SPECIAL ALBUM EDITION

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

84 STEEL-SMASHING PAGES!

PHOTOS,

**FEATURES,
AND
ACTION STRIPS**

**IRON FIST!
SONS OF
THE TIGER!
SHANG-CHI!**

**EXTRA:
IN-PERSON COVERAGE
OF A
KUNG FU
TOURNAMENT**



STAN LEE PRESENTS:

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

SPECIAL ALBUM EDITION

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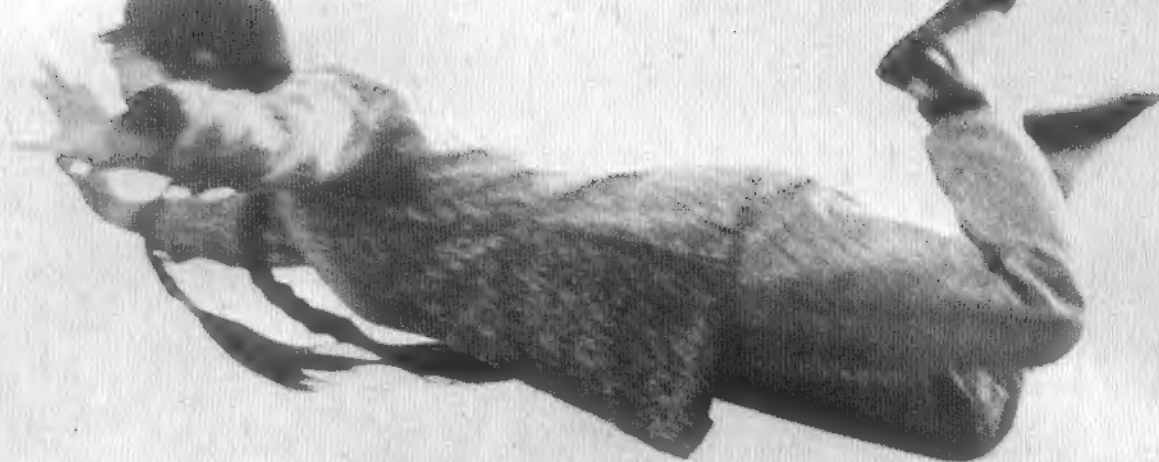
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The Rising And Advancing Of A Spirit

An eleventh-hour editorial by TONY ISABELLA



Welcome to Marvel Comics' first annual KUNG FU SPECIAL. If you've been with us a while, you know that we also publish a now-monthly magazine called THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU and a trio of color comics called MASTER OF KUNG FU, GIANT-SIZE MASTER OF KUNG FU, and MARVEL PREMIERE FEATURING IRON FIST. Yeah, we know those titles are a mite lengthy, but the main thing is that they're on the newsstands... Martial Arts action in illustrated comics form. And they are popular, friend. That's why you clutch this one-buck special in your hands right now.

So much for the commercial aspects of this mag. Let's switch to a couple of other sides. Like "labor of love" and "fulfilling a need". They sound a lot more pleasant than "making a bunch of money" anyway, though all three combine to create a publication—any publication.

We start with "labor of love".

When I recently assumed editorship of the lion's share of Marvel's magazine line, it was with a bit of apprehension. There was obviously a back-breaking job ahead of me, just from the standpoint of getting the books on a reasonable schedule. Not to mention trying to improve some of the weak spots in their production. The titles featuring horror stories and monster tales posed less of a problem in that regard. Their fans were a known quantity with often-voiced likes and dislikes. But THE

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU had gotten us into a whole new thing, a whole new readership.

I freely admit that I didn't have much affinity for the Kung Fu stuff at its onset. I was not a fan of the "Kung Fu" television show. I didn't contribute to the first issue of THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU. Aside from enjoying the MASTER OF KUNG FU comic mag, in fact, I was totally outside the whole genre.

Until Marv Wolfman, then-editor of DEADLY HANDS, asked me to help him out by reviewing a couple of Martial Arts movies. About the same time, Roy Thomas, editor-in-chief of this whole shooting match, asked me to write a news column for the second issue of MARVEL PREMIERE FEATURING IRON FIST. I accepted both assignments and set to embroiling myself in the Martial Arts "fad" (I thought). I learned something. I found something.

I found the same kind of excitement that had originally drawn me to comic books as a hobby and later as a career. I found the same kind of heroes I had found in my early idols: Roy Rogers, Doc Savage, Flash Gordon, etc. I found action—plenty of it!

And it doesn't take much to see and appreciate how Marvel has managed to ingrain the very best of the Martial Arts filmplays into the three strips that appear in this issue's 34-page spectacular, "The Master Plan of Fu

Manchu".

SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU (whose name means "the rising and advancing of a spirit") combines the basic Martial Arts action with philosophy and the single most famous, most insidious supervillain of them all...FU MANCHU. It's the kind of glory we used to find in the old pulp magazines, but given a decidedly up-to-the-minute twist.

THE SONS OF THE TIGER offer camaraderie the likes of which we have seen between Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, Doc Savage and his loyal band of aides, Robert Culp and Bill Cosby, etc. In addition, starting this very issue, the Tigers go wild—with an emphasis on situations that will make James Bond's hairiest exploits look like family picnics by comparison.

Finally, IRON FIST, the new kid in the class. Cast in the traditional mold of the costumed superhero, I.F. also has elements of the new breed of "human weapon" heroes. Example: the syndicate-smashing *Executioner* from the Pinnacle Books series. Iron Fist's also got an unique assortment of berserko karate moves. The days when you could scare off an aggressor with "wanna fat lip?" have gone, trooper. Now you have to threaten said unruly person with "wanna get wasted by a well-placed Blow of the Hammer?" It's our changing times at work.

So much for "labor of love". Now to that bit about "fulfilling a need".

Beyond the physical aspects of the Martial Arts is a spiritual side. The rising and advancing of one's total self...the body...the mind...the spirit. It is this philosophy that I think will become increasingly important in the world today. I won't try to "sell it—I'm

barely beginning to understand what it means myself—but I think it could mean a lot in the days to come.

Coincidentally, there's a new series of paperbacks out from Berkeley Medallion Books starring a character that typifies what I said last paragraph. He's Jason Striker, Master of Martial Arts, written by Piers Anthony and Roberto Fuentes.

Piers Anthony is an award-winning science fiction author and Hugo (science-fiction's highest award) contender. Roberto Fuentes has been active in the Martial Arts for more than 20 years, is a former Black Belt Judo Champion of Cuba (twice), and fought the Castro regime as a commando for several years, among a passal of other accomplishments. Obviously, this is a writing duo to be reckoned with.

The first book in the series, *KIAI*, is on sale now. I recommend it for several reasons. First, it's an exciting story with a very interesting character. Second, it presents—in the course of the entertainment—a sizable amount of Martial Arts knowledge and provocative combat concepts. Third, Roberto is a long-time Marvel Comics fan who will be doing some articles for *THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU* and our new companion magazine, *IRON FIST*, and we think it couldn't hurt for you to learn early what a creative find this guy is. And, fourth, because sooner or later—sooner if I can help it—you'll be seeing Jason Striker in our magazines...in an original comics story.

Okay, enough from me...we've got 84 big pages of action, articles, photos, features, and excitement waiting for you. So get into your *judogi*, sit back and enjoy. We did it all for you.



1973:

The movie is *"Enter the Dragon."* Three Martial Arts masters battle against incredible odds for their very lives. Their foe is the murderous Han.



1974:

Five Martial Arts masters battle against incredible odds to save the entire world from extinction. Their foe is the most insidious villain of all time.

He makes Han look like a Girl Scout.

THE MASTER PLAN OF FU MANCHU

FOR NEARLY A CENTURY, THE SHADOW OF DR. FU MANCHU HAS LAIN HEAVILY ON THE SOIL OF THIS PLANET. HIS SCHEMES FOR WORLD CONQUEST ARE LEGEND, HIS EVIL BOUNDLESS, AND HIS VICTIMS WITHOUT NUMBER.

TODAY, THAT DARK SHADOW REACHES FURTHER THAN EVER BEFORE IN AN ATTEMPT TO RULE THE WORLD THROUGH ITS PEACEMAKERS. TODAY, FU MANCHU STRIKES AT THE UNITED NATIONS.

FIVE MEN STAND AGAINST THE INSIDIOUS MASTER-MIND AND HIS PLAN. FIVE MARTIAL ARTS MASTERS.

DANNY RAND: WHO HAS LEARNED THE FIGHTING SECRETS OF ANCIENT KUN-LUN AND FORSAKEN IMMORTALITY TO BATTLE INJUSTICE AS THE COSTUMED HERO CALLED IRON FIST.

LIN SUN, ABE BROWN, BOB DIAMOND: THE STUDENTS OF MASTER KEE, WHOSE INDIVIDUAL SKILLS AND STRENGTHS ARE TRIPLED WHEN THEY JOIN TOGETHER AS THE SONS OF THE TIGER.

SHANG-CHI: MASTER OF KUNG FU, WHOSE BURDEN IS THE HEAVIEST OF ALL, FOR HE IS THE SON OF FU MANCHU!

YOU ARE **DANIEL RAND**, AND YOU WALK THROUGH A NIGHT WHICH BREATHES **DARKNESS** AND **FILTH** WHERE YOU HAD HOPED TO FIND **SOLACE** AND **PEACE**...

...PEACE TO PONDER THE QUESTION OF YOUR **IDENTITY**--AND **MORE**, TO PONDER WHY THAT QUESTION HAS NEVER BEFORE **ARISEN**.

YOU HAVE DEVOTED THE LAST **TEN** OF YOUR **NINETEEN YEARS** TO THE GRUELING PRACTICE OF FORGING YOUR MIND AND BODY INTO A LIVING WEAPON OF **VENGEANCE**... BUT NOW, HAVING **SPURNED** VENGEANCE, YOU FIND YOUR MIND AT **ODDS** WITH YOUR BODY. AND AS YOU PETITION YOUR **SOUL**, YOU FIND THAT PERHAPS THERE IS ONLY **ONE ANSWER**; YOU NO LONGER HAVE A **REASON** FOR EXISTENCE.

AND YET, YOU **KNOW** THE WORLD **MUST** HOLD A PLACE AND A PURPOSE FOR YOU--FOR A MAN WHO HAS LIVED WITH THE SECRETS OF MYSTICAL AND MARTIAL ARTS FOUND ONLY WITHIN THE LEGENDARY **K'UN LUN**.

PERHAPS YOU WILL **FIND** THAT PURPOSE IN THE LOW **MOAN** WHICH ISSUES FROM THE **DEPTHS** OF THIS NIGHT'S **DARKNESS** AND **FILTH**...

HELP

CHAPTER 1: IRON FIST

THE MOAN LEADS TO A MAN SPRAWLED IN **GARBAGE AND PAIN**. FEAR FILLS HIS FEEBLE EYES AS HE PERCEIVES YOUR **COSTUME** THROUGH THE GLOOM...

I SEE... THAT MY CALL FOR AID... HAS ONLY SUMMONED ONE OF THOSE... WHO WOULD KILL ME...

I WON'T KILL YOU--

-- BUT YOU WILL DIE IF I DON'T GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL.

THE MAN **WINCES** AS YOU PROBE HIS MANY WOUNDS, BUT THEN **URGENCY** FILLS HIS VOICE AS HE **GASPS**--

NO... THERE IS NO... TIME.

IF YOU ARE **NOT**... ONE OF THE COSTUMED ASSASSINS... YOU MUST **HELP**... THE **OTHERS**...

WE HAD... JUST ENTERED OUR HOTEL ROOM... WHEN THE... ASSASSINS **BURST** IN... ABDUCTED US...

OUTSIDE, THERE WAS... A **STRUGGLE**...

I WAS **IN-JURED**... BUT **ESCAPED**... AND EVEN **NOW**... THEY **SEARCH** FOR ME...

YOU MUST **FIND**... THE **OTHERS**... AND **FREE** THEM BEFORE... IT IS TOO...

I AM... ONE OF THE NEWLY ARRIVED **CHINESE DELEGATES**... TO THE **UNITED NATIONS**. THERE ARE... **SIX** OF US...

--AHK-K-K...

THE MAN SLUMPS FORWARD, HIS **DEATH** LAID AT YOUR **KNEES**...

... WALLOWING, STILL, IN THE ECHO OF HIS **SELFLESS APPEAL**.

YOU **RISE** FROM HIS **LIFELESS FORM**--

-- INTO A SILENT LENGTH OF **SHADOW**...

STEP AWAY FROM
THE ONE WE SEEK--

--OR
SHARE HIS
FATE...

...AT THE HANDS
OF SEO-KAI-CHEN,
HE-WHO-STRIKES-
THE-LIGHTNING!

RAGE WELLS WITHIN YOU
LIKE THE WATERS OF A
FLOOD, AND YOU ASSUME
THE CAT STANCE OF
DEFENSE...

YOUR
COSTUME
SPEAKS OF
VANITY...

-- BUT YOUR
STANCE CRIES
KNOWLEDGE...

...READY TO FACE THIS
ASSASSIN WHO WOULD
MURDER A MAN ALREADY
DEAD.

... AND THEN YOU SURGE
FORWARD, YOUR FIST
STREAKING UP TO DELIV-
ER THE SMASHING
BLOW OF THE HAMMER.

AND YET, BOTH
WILL FALL BEFORE
THE POWER OF THE
LIGHTNING
STRIKER!!

YOU WAIT AS THE ASSASSIN
RAISES HIS WEAPON TO ITS
FULL HEIGHT...

HIS WEAPON
SHATTERS...
AND HE FALLS
BACK,
STUNNED.



YOU SPIN AWAY FROM
YOUR FIRST OPPON-
ENT, DROPPING INTO
A CROUCH TO CON-
FRONT THE SECOND.

THIS ONE
SILENT...



... AND
WISELY
CAUTIOUS.

TIME GROWS HEAVY AS YOU
FACE ONE ANOTHER, EACH
ASSESSING THE OTHER'S
STRENGTH. YOU LEARN
MUCH FROM HIS SIMPLE
STANCE...



YOU LEARN, FOR INSTANCE,
THAT HE WILL NOT EXPECT
THE UPWARD SWEEP OF
YOUR LIGHTNING KICK.

... FOR HE HAS
LEARNED NO
THING FROM
YOUR STANCE.



LEI KUNG THE THUNDERER
YOUR FORMER TUTOR IN
KUN-LUN-- WOULD BE
PROUD OF THE MANNER IN
WHICH YOU HAVE EMPLOYED
YOUR KNOWLEDGE...



... BUT WOULD
CONSIDER THE
TRIAL OF YOUR
THIRD AND FINAL
OPPONENT--



--ELEMENTARY.

THE BATTLE HAS BEEN SWIFT
AND FAR LESS THAN DEADLY.

FOR HAD YOU INFLICTED
ANY MORE THAN MINOR
INJURIES

--YOU WOULD HAVE DEFEATED YOUR PURPOSE,
AS WELL AS YOUR OPPONENTS.

AND THE PURPOSE OF
YOUR MERE SHOW OF
POWER WAS TO INSTILL
FLIGHT

SUCH A ONE IS SEO-KAI-
CHEN... A MAN WHO IS
APPARENTLY UNPRE-
PARED TO STRIKE THE
LIGHTNING

WITHOUT A WEAPON IN
HIS GRASP

...AND A MAN WHO NOW RACES
THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND
FILTH OF MANHATTAN'S NIGHT
STREETS TO THE SECTOR KNOWN
AS CHINATOWN.

YOU HAVE CONDUCTED THE
FINAL LEG OF YOUR PURSUIT
IN STEALTH, AND THEREFORE
CONVINCED THE ASSASSIN OF
HIS SUCCESS IN ELUDING YOU,
EVEN AS HE APPROACHES THE
REAR ENTRANCE OF A RAM-
SHACKLE WAREHOUSE...

PITY FOR A
BLIND MAN...?

OUT OF
MY WAY,
BEGGER!

SEO-KAI-CHEN ENTERS THE
ANCIENT WAREHOUSE AND
YOU ABANDON YOUR
STEALTH... EMERGING
FROM THE SHADOWS TO
AID THE STRICKEN BLIND
MAN

THERE IS TIME
NOW, FOR YOU
HAVE LOCATED
YOUR
OBJECTIVE

AAIEEE!

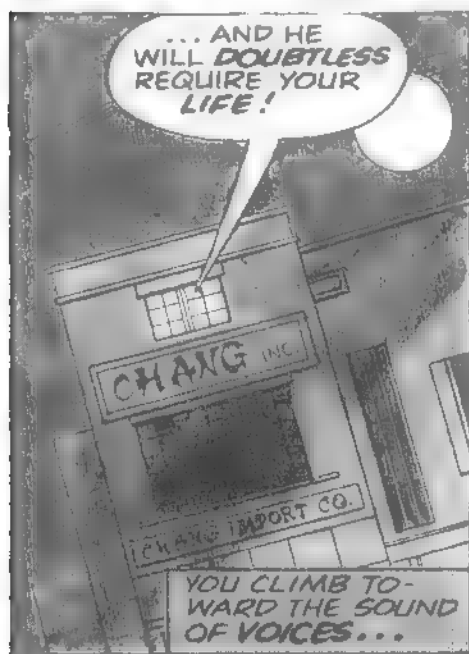


TSU-GAMO!!

WE WERE
ATTACKED BY
A **MADMAN!** I
ALONE ESCAPED
HIS **FURY!**

YOU HAVE FAILED
TO FULFILL OUR
MASTER'S **WISHES,**
SEO-KAI-CHEN?!

HE WILL BE
MOST
DISPLEASED..



... AND HE
WILL **DOUBTLESS**
REQUIRE YOUR
LIFE!

YOU CLIMB TO-
WARD THE SOUND
OF VOICES...



...RAISED IN **ANGER.**

THUS, YOU MUST
THANK ME FOR THE
DEATH I SHALL NOW
GRANT YOU...

...FOR WHEN THE MASTER
FINDS ONLY FIVE OF THE **SIX**
DELEGATES BEHIND THAT
DOOR--

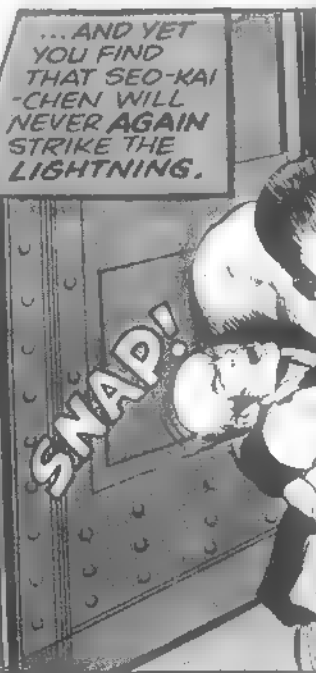
--THE DEATH HE WOULD
GRANT WOULD BE CONSIDER-
ABLY LESS **PLEASANT.**



NO,
TSU-GAMO--!



YOUR ENTRANCE
IS **ABRUPT...**



...AND YET
YOU FIND
THAT SEO-KAI-
CHEN WILL
NEVER AGAIN
STRIKE THE
LIGHTNING.

SNAP!



TSU-GAMO--THE INTRUDER;
HE MUST BE THE **MADMAN**
CHEN SPOKE OF!

YES, BUT
EVEN **MADMEN**
BREATHE-- AND
EVEN **MADMEN** FALL
BEFORE **TSU-GAMO,**
THE **MOUNTAIN-**
WHICH-STEALS-
BREATH!



THE MONKEY-BLOW--



...AND A
SIMPLE
EVASIVE
MANEUVER



--REMOVE THE
FINAL TWO
FROM CONFLICT--

...LEAVING ONLY
TSU-GAMO--



--THE MOUNTAIN - WHICH
-STEALS- BREATH!



OUR MASTER
WOULD WISH
YOU DEAD--!

AND WHAT
OUR MASTER
WISHES--



SNAP

AHRRR!!

WAK



THE MAMMOTH SUMO
BREAKS HIS RIB-
CRUSHING HOLD
FREEING YOU TO
GULP STOLEN
BREATH.

OFF-BALANCE, IN THE THROES OF PAIN, TSU-GAMO IS EASILY BORNE TO THE FLOOR.



AND DISPATCHED WITH A SHARP CHOP TO THE NECK.



YOU RISE FROM THE FALLEN SUMO, AND YOUR EYES SURVEY THE FACE OF A SOLID STEEL-RIVETED DOOR.



YOU ASSESS THE DOOR'S STRENGTH, EVEN AS YOU HAVE GAUGED THE STRENGTH OF DOZEN FOES THIS NIGHT. AND YOU REALIZE THAT IF YOU ARE TO REACH THE CAPTIVE DELEGATES BEHIND THIS DOOR--



--YOU MUST INVOKE THE SEETHING POWER OF--

YOU STEP THROUGH THE MOLTEN SLAG OF THE CRUMPLED DOOR, INTO A ROOM ADORNED WITH DIM LIGHT AND THE HUDDLED FORMS OF FIVE BOUND MEN...



BUT EVEN AS YOU FIRST GLIMPSE THE CAPTIVES, YOU ALSO GLIMPSE THE FLUTTER OF CURTAINS IN AN OPENED WINDOW...

AND YOU DO NOT WASTE BREATH ON WORDS OF COMFORT...

...FOR YOU HAVE ALREADY ASCERTAINED THAT SUCH WORDS WOULD FALL ON DEAF EARS...



--EVEN BEFORE YOU CLEARLY SEE THE SAW-DUST MANNEQUINS.



THEN A SOUND CURLS THROUGH THE OPENED WINDOW, CARRIED BY A SHIFT IN BREEZE...

AND WHEN YOU CROSS TO THE WINDOW, YOU REALIZE THAT WHILE YOU HAVE DEFEATED MANY FOES THIS FATEFUL NIGHT, YOUR TRUE OPPONENT HAS BEEN TOO CUNNING TO RAISE A HAND AGAINST YOU.

A MAN YOU HAVE NEVER EVEN SEEN...



...AND A MAN WHO MUST PLAY FOR DESPERATE ODDS INDEED TO MAKE A GAME OF KIDNAPPING.

THE SOUNDS RECEDE INTO SILENCE AS YOU NOTICE A BATTERED TIN CUP.



BUT RATHER THAN COINS OF DITY, IT NOW CONTAINS A NOTE OF CONTEMPT.

THE MESSAGE IS SIMPLY STATED AND ONE WHICH REVEALS MUCH ABOUT THE NATURE OF ITS AUTHOR.

IT SEEMS YOU HAVE MET YOUR TRUE OPPONENT...AND, IN FACT, GIVEN HIM AID. IT IS ALSO APPARENT THAT HE IS A MOST RUTHLESS MAN--FOR, WHILE YOU HAVE ELECTED NOT TO SLAY THE MEN WHO WOULD HAVE SLAIN YOU...THEY WERE NEVERTHELESS DEEMED EXPENDABLE BY THEIR LEADER...



...A MAN WHO WOULD THINK NOTHING OF SACRIFICING A DOZEN LIVES TO THE CAUSE OF A MERE DIVERSIONARY TACTIC. WHILE HE TRANSPORTED THE KIDNAPPED DELEGATES TO THEIR ACTUAL DESTINATION.



BUT WHILE YOU HAVE NOT YET LEARNED THAT THERE IS A PURPOSE TO YOUR LIFE... YOU HAVE LEARNED THAT YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN.



This ■ It, down front in the center ring of the Martial Arts world! The tournament!

by J. David Warner & Mary Skrenes

It is with great deftness of understatement and with repetitiveness to the point of being a vice, that I announce that, in the past two years, Martial Arts has taken such a rise that it's almost impossible to keep track of it anymore. I suppose it was inevitable, what with the epidemic-proportion releasing of dubbed Kung Fu films. Suddenly dojos are filling up faster than they can accommodate pupils. Directories for Martial Arts schools printed in Martial Arts magazines have lengthened from a couple of columns to several pages! And the magazines as well! Where once upon a time there were maybe only two or three at best, now nearly everyone is trying to get in on the Martial Arts publishing bandwagon and put out a Martial Arts mag.

Martial Arts tournaments have changed a bit over the years—changed in respect to their conduct and the attitudes of some of the people par-

ticipating, changed in terms of improved facilities. Karate especially has been all but recognized as a legitimate sport and is certainly followed by as many sports fans as Martial Artists.

There are some things that don't change, though, and New York City's Manhattan Center, where this tournament was held, certainly does not improve with age. I believe this is something that seriously hurt the tournament. The place was crumbling, stairways dangerously unlit or else insufficiently lit, which we felt constituted a serious safety hazard. The center is also a difficult place to set up such a tournament in because of its architecture. The floor plan is erratic, as if—one sometimes gets the feeling—the architect took his plans, ripped them up into even pieces and put them back together in whatever random order he picked them up in. The lighting is either inferior or else just plain non-existent. I don't mean to sound

like I'm dumping unmercifully on this tournament. There were a lot of good things to be said about it. But there were also shortcomings, things which do not bear repeating.

If you had been wandering around New York City on Sunday, April 28th, 1974, you would have had little trouble finding the Manhattan Center. You went down to 34th and Eighth and looked for the crowd—a crowd eagerly awaiting admission to the annual FRED HAMILTON ALL-DOJO MARTIAL ARTS TOURNAMENT. As early as nine o'clock that morning they were gathered, kids pushing and shoving and jostling, others sitting around in groups waiting for the eliminations to begin.

An event of this kind churns a unique sort of enthusiasm. It's both enthusiasm as an observer/admirer—an appreciation of the moves, along with the form and the control that goes into them—and a vicarious





The Tournament begins, as each contestant warms up and prepares himself for the bouts to come.

enthusiasm. Lurking deep inside us all there is this creature that would like nothing better than to wreak total havoc on the world in the finest chunks-fly-Jack Kirby tradition. And to be able to do this with the highly trained and—if you will—aesthetic suppleness of our own bodies, all the more thrilling! And so, we are the Martial Artist—some just fantasizing, others, the participants in this tournament, pushing and driving their bodies and minds to perfection.

There are two types of competition in this tournament, with both a men's and a women's division for each. The first is *kata*—that is, a sometimes complex series of moves in the Martial Arts which represents a stylized battle using different techniques available to your system. In layman's terms, it's like a catalogue of moves that you can pull from when faced with a real fight. There are bare hand and weapon *katas* both. (Take a look at the gentleman in Figure 1. He is performing *kata*. We'll get back to him later ■ the article.) The other competition is free style fighting. These are actual bouts—I suppose analogous to boxing matches but really quite different. You'll also learn a lot more about these coming up.

This article is here for just one purpose . . . to be informative, hopefully in an entertaining way. It will give you an insight to another aspect of Martial Arts besides what is displayed on the silver screen. But, perhaps, if we may be so presumptuous, this is a social document of a changing nation. Perhaps even a changing world! Because there is much more than violence to the Martial Arts: it is a people—white, black, yellow and red—taking pride in themselves again. Was it really so long ago that a Westerner's idea of health was Oscar Meyer wieners and Wonder Bread? But now we've become a world of rising individuals who, in Martial Arts as in other fields, realize the world is what we make it and what we make ourselves!

PART ONE— THE ELIMINATIONS

Ten o'clock in the morning on one of the very first New York Sundays of the year that is really beautiful. Far removed from the golden sunshine, but nonetheless excited because of it, deep within the cavernous recesses of Manhattan Center, preparations were being made for FRED HAMILTON'S ALL-DOJO KARATE CHAMPIONSHIP! And the

first phase that had to get underway was the eliminations.

As people—being let in a few at a time—filtered in and wandered around the floor and spectators sections, Martial Artists of all ages and ranks got dressed, and began warming up on the gymnasium floor. It starts out slowly . . . calisthenics and stretching, then wheel kicks, *katas* and so on. The gymnasium was a bustle of activity, and not all of it was the hopeful contenders. Fred Hamilton's assistants set up and adjusted lighting poles, to make up for Manhattan Center's inadequate resources, while others set up the P.A. system. Down on the floor itself, men went about measuring off perfect squares and marking them with masking tape. There were ten of them, all numbered—these would be the elimination rings!

And what a range of people turned out to compete! Their ages ranged from about five or six, in extreme cases, to the elder senseis, and they filled in all the gaps in-between. There were male and female and all color of belts.

I started noticing something curious right about then. I was wandering about the gymnasium floor with a photographer, as were several other

press people, talking back and forth about the Martial Arts in general and what we were observing in particular, remaining loose and waiting for something to happen. . . . Suddenly I would notice a leg swipe out in front of me, as if to strike me; then it stopped (with little room to spare) and flicked out of the way. I noticed with some concern that we had wandered too close to the perimeter of someone's kata. When we had walked by, he had continued as if we didn't exist, keeping his flow of motion, but somehow not hitting us. As we continued, it soon became obvious that, with so many out on the floor, if we wanted to continue meandering and observing, walking into the perimeters of katas and warm-up bouts would be the rule rather than the exception. Of course, we journalists (ahem) have a "grand tradition" to uphold, that no amount of danger can keep us from being in the middle of everything, so of course we stayed on the floor. On all sides of us whizzed feet and fists. I could feel the wind, but they always pulled away just in time. Now *that* is control!

Take a look at some of the pictures surrounding this article, or just the ones on these couple of pages. Punch! Block! Lead, feint, then kick! Leap back, spin, kick, pull back, block, sidestep and kick to the groin! KIAII! They are really out there doing these things, free form, without the benefit of choreography.

Doing it so no one gets too horribly hurt takes control! Control! And that, friend, may just be where Martial Arts are at!

As everything got set up and the eliminations were about to begin, people—spectators and waiting competitors—both—gathered about the edges of the rings, again demonstrating supreme confidence in that thing called control. I noticed several interesting katas in the eliminations. The single most impressive kata was performed with a three section staff (triple irons), whirling and flinging them with such speed, grace and accuracy you were hard-pressed to believe what your eyes were witnessing. For some reason the fellow never appeared in the finals. I don't know why, but I can't imagine him having been eliminated.

Another excellent kata was performed by that aforementioned gentleman in Figure 1. A Kung Fu kata. The kata was performed very fast, in contrast with the slow, laborious approach he used in the finals. The speed



The bouts here are for real, no trampolines, no fakery...

and the seeming (only seeming) effortlessness of his moves gave him an illusion of being a "rubberman," ■ man without bones.

There was one instance in particular: one of the women competitors, who really impressed me when I was watching her warm up and perform kata. But later that afternoon, when she appeared in the finals, all that "magic" was gone. Even Martial Artists are human and have their variables.

Also going on were the free form elimination matches. It was thrilling watching opponents square off, and trying to guess, just from the stance and pre-engagement moves, who would emerge the victor.

And so it all continued on into a long afternoon, finally wrapping up about three. People were shouting, tense, full of excitement, listening with throbbing anticipation for their names to be announced. But the big excitement was still to come, after a short break. Competitors were hamming it up, performing, as those in competitive circumstances are wont to do (the roar of the greasepaint, and so on . . .).

The main event was approaching... THE FINALS!

THE MAT SIDE MANNER OF A MARTIAL ARTS MEDIC an interview with Ron Rosen

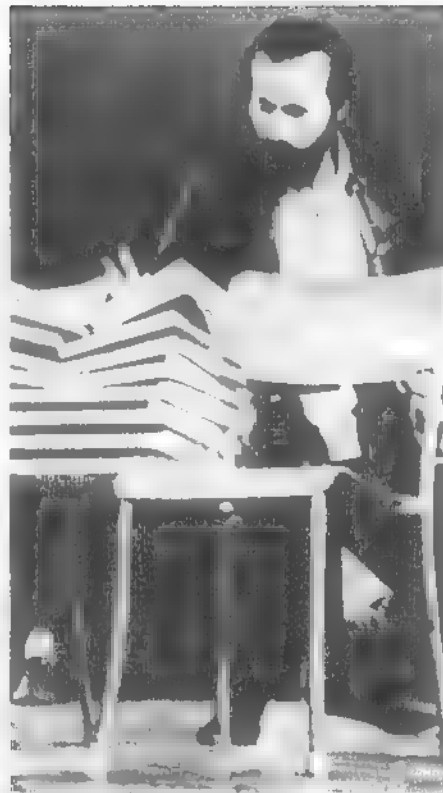
It wasn't easy for Ron to find time to spare for this interview during the tournament, but between the preliminaries and the finals there was ■ short intermission. We rendezvoused in a back stage stairwell where he kindly talked to us as he tried to eat his lunch.

Marvel: Ron, what qualifications are necessary to be ■ medic, and what types of injuries are you likely to treat?

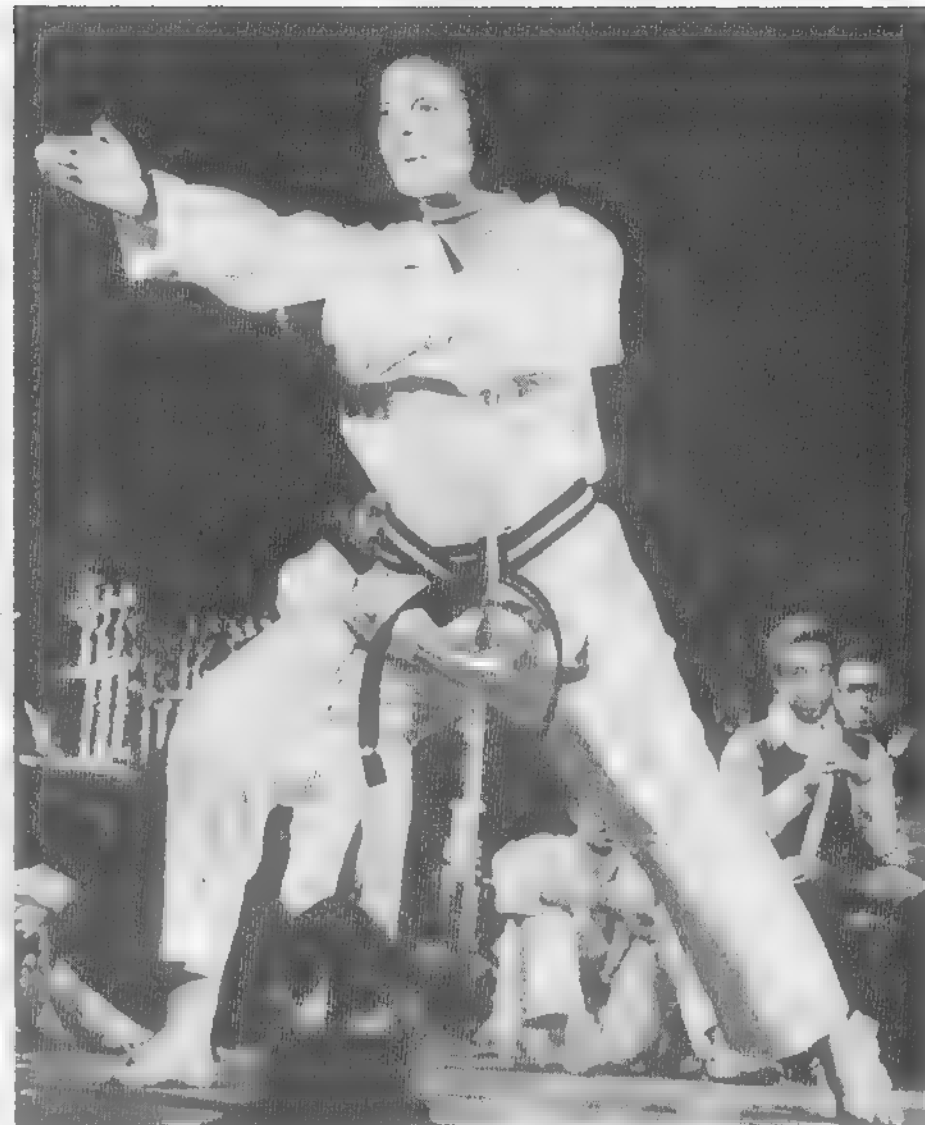
Ron: The major types are injuries to the face, groin and solar plexus. Today this is prevalent because full body contact is allowed by the old Chinese rule. The only difference is the Chinese used to wear armor. So, for men there are a lot of groin injuries, and breast injuries for the women. There are less head problems, because of the rule, in that any facial contact means immediate disqualification and forfeit of the match. I think this is ■ good rule from the point of view of the guy who has to patch them up afterwards. I know that if you're not careful to avoid the face, you can really plow in there, and do damage.



Ron Rosen: Martial Arts medic.



A board-smashing demonstration of Chi.



Fred Hamilton's "fine stepping ladies" executing a class kata.

Marvel: What can happen?

Ron: Very seldom does someone get hit in the mouth. Most often it's over or under the eyes. One tournament, in the black belt division, a guy got hit so hard, that there was a knuckle imprint in his cheek bone, a piece of the bone had actually been knocked right out. That was one of the heavier ones. In 1965, a man was hit, and fell down on the back of his head. A few minutes later he went into convulsions. There was an MD there, who immediately decided it was epilepsy. The guy's parents were right there, and they told me he didn't have a history of epilepsy, and I told them they better get him into surgery, right away. He had a cerebral hemorrhage. We had to bodily remove the doctor. If the doctor had protested more strongly, they would have had to put him in surgery. Those are most of the injuries: broken bones, fingers, jammed toes, bruised collar bones. A guy can go up for a kick, get blocked and come down wrong, breaking an arm. Sometimes an incorrect block can result in a broken bone. You get the full range of trauma. You get more amusing scenes than at a hospital emergency ward!

Marvel: Does a medic have to undergo some specific training?

Ron: Well, in most schools, the instructor has some basic knowledge. He will have knowledge of *Tao An* or another of the Chinese remedial arts, and basic first aid. Since I was

very young, I was trained in the Chinese herbal and manipulative techniques, *Tao An*. I was trained in a hospital course as a paramedic. It's only recognized in Massachusetts, however. Sometimes, an MD and I will have a disagreement. For instance, today, a kid got kicked in the groin, and he told him to "just lay there, son." I grabbed the kid and had him back in the ring bouncing up and down on his heels. He went right back into the match! So, the doctor and I disagreed. It's not his fault . . . he just wasn't trained well. **Marvel:** Is there any quality control on entering a tournament like this; or can anyone enter?

Ron: Anyone who feels he or she is good enough can enter.

Marvel: What are some of the treatments you use, for instance, the *Tao An*?

Ron: Well, I don't knock the MD treatment totally, because I do utilize them to a certain degree. I use some herbal treatments, and Tiger Balm relieves a lot of things. But psychology is one of the most important things. You have to know when to give sympathy, which is very seldom in the Martial Arts. You have to consider whether they are going to go home and feel sorry for themselves; or are they going to be able to finish the match; is there a chance of further damage, what is the balance? If they go home without finishing the match, they may never come to a tournament again. I

don't really mind about that, but I would hate to see them drop their Martial Arts all together!

Marvel: What about the old days you've talked about?

Ron: I remember the guys who are legends now when they were brown belts. I remember Joe Lewis fighting his first national match against Luis Delgado, and losing. That was Delgado's first win as a black belt. That

was in 1966, the year I retired from competition.

Fifteen to twenty years ago, when you had a tournament and somebody got hurt, there'd be senseis there who knew what to do. Today, many black belts don't even know basic first aid. You had a period of time when nobody was coming in. I was doing it on my own. The other two guys that had been doing it stopped coming around, or just didn't want to be bothered. Six years later, Aaron Banks made me sort of official ring doctor.

Marvel: What about the referees for the matches? What are their qualifications?

Ron: Referees are third degree black belt and above. Ideally they are fifth degree and above. In the old days, you'd have five of them in an entire place who would have to judge everything. What you got was a tournament that ran for three days. We'd start at seven in the morning, and finish at midnight.

Marvel: I see they're about to start the finals . . . would you say that the people involved in these tournaments, and Martial Arts in general, have lost any respect for the form since the "old days?"

Ron: Oh yes! You have a whole generation growing up and they have a lot of unqualified senseis out there. The system becomes like a tree without a root. Now, some people say that over



the next couple of years, we'll have a sharp decline in the number of students. I say good! What will happen is, the good instructors will be teaching, and the flashy ones will be out of business!

TO CONTINUE:

Someone sang the national anthem, and after a keynote speech by Fred Hamilton, the finals were under way. They hustled through the pee wee division, handing out trophies like you wouldn't believe. Everyone who made it to the finals got one. They were big, and a bit gaudy, but you sure wouldn't mistake one for your father's old bowling trophy! Wouldn't trade it either!

Between matches and divisions, various demonstrations were given. Ron Rosen (subject of our interview) gave a series showing the use of *Chi* as opposed to strength. Ron could be moved by an assistant when he held himself rigid with strength, but couldn't be budged when he used a "soft" or flexible form. In breaking the boards, (which started out in flames not shown in pix), he first

showed that his wrist and hand were perfectly relaxed. It was *Chi*, not strength which cut through the wood like butter.

Another impressive demonstration was given by a black belt unfortunately confined to a wheel chair. This has not seemed to alter his zest and determination however. His specialty is breaking over a dozen panes of glasses, getting his hand in and out fast enough to avoid being cut up in the process. It is considered to be quite a dangerous feat. This man is so fast, that no photographer has ever been able to catch his hand at the moment of impact. (We tried, couldn't do it!)

Fred Hamilton's group got up to provide some choreographed Martial Arts entertainment. A couple of tiny girls fought off a couple of larger boys posing as troublemakers. Then they beat up on the guys seen doing the sword demonstration. The whole group went through a sort of called class kata, and it wasn't any blase warming up exercise. Look at the girls, do they look like they're kidding!

The finals of each division had con-

testants going for first, second and third place. In Kata, the person does not fight anyone, but rather is judged on the perfection of performance of the chosen Kata. In the women's division, first place went to a fantastic sword Kata. (See pix.) The swords flashed in intricate designs as the girl went through a series of thrusts, parries, leaps, forward and backward rolls. She almost looked as though she were doing a Russian sword dance. In the men's division, an original sickle Kata took an award. Kata was scored by a panel of judges, who gave points from one to ten on each performance. The combined total of points decided the places.

The free form competitions were judged differently. The fighting area is marked off with masking tape, (no mats for these folks; hard wood floors!) and an umpire type sits in each of the four corners. Each holds one red and one white wooden baton. In a match, one person is designated red, the other white. The referee, when calling a point, asks each of the umpires in turn his verdict. To prove which point he saw, the ump

Flashing blades and graceful motion took first place in the women's kata division!





Here, competitors in free-form demonstrate note-worthy blocking technique.

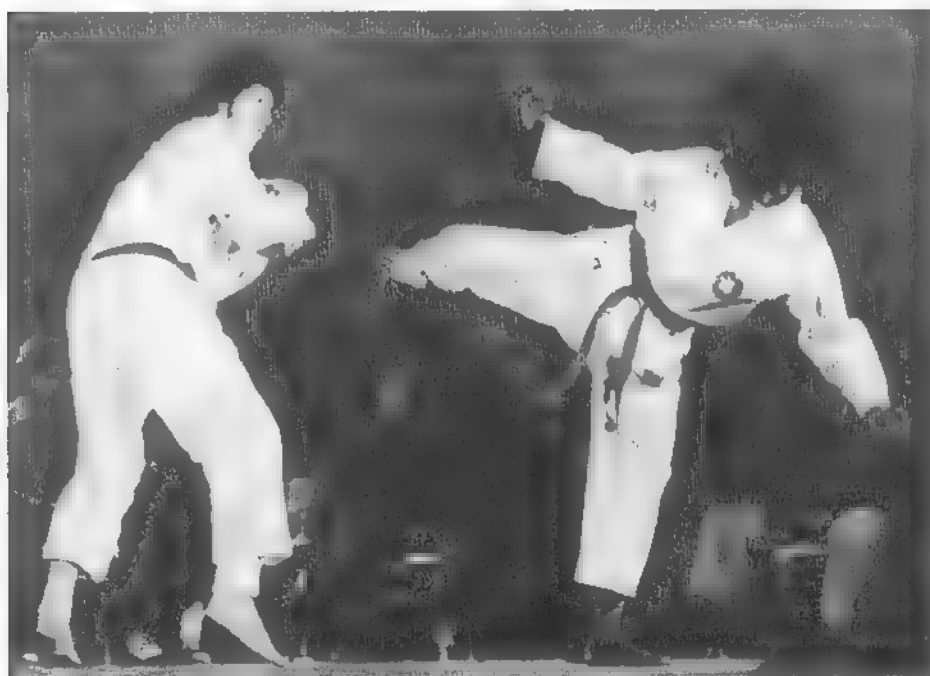
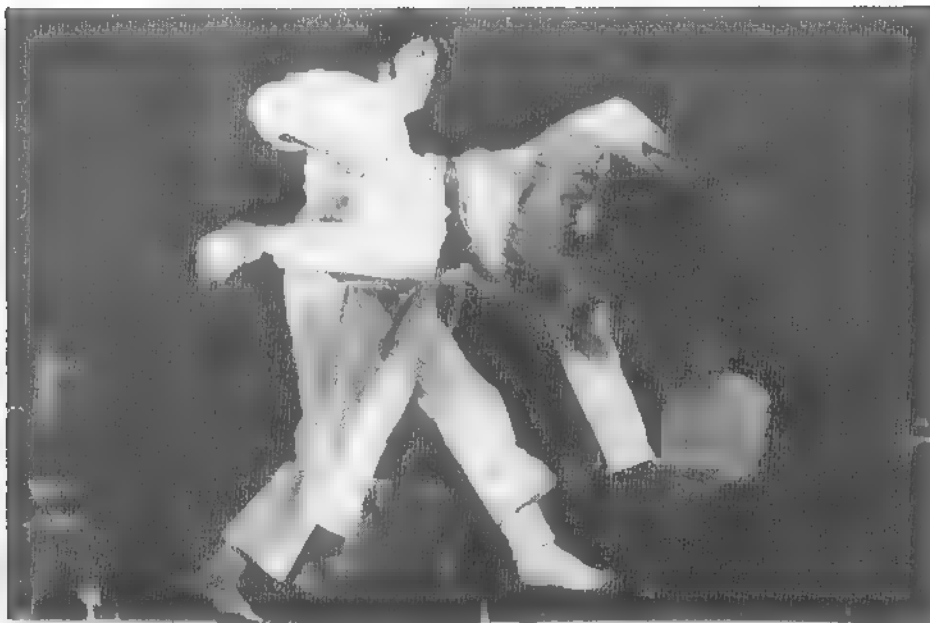
holds up the man's color, and then demonstrates the move. If an ump's view is blocked and he saw nothing, he shows this by crossing the batons.

It was during the brown belt competitions that the tournament really started to flow. The matches began getting very fast as points were scored where the untrained eye saw only a blur. Control is very important and facial contact was called several times. Once, a girl got kicked in the mouth so hard, she probably lost a molar. She won that match by default, and was back in the ring within minutes to do battle for first place. She came in second, but it was amazing that she was on her feet at all. Three other facials were dropped because a majority of the judges couldn't see the contact.

The crowd was rowdy, shouting for their favorites to win, elbowing for better view points. There was a break, and plaques were given out to various instructors and Martial Arts notables. Ron Rosen got one for his indispensable services as ring doctor. The audience was impatient. The next event was the black belt finals for men and women.

In street clothes, the female black belts were fine stepping ladies. They walked with their heads held high. Women with assurance. In the ring,





A contentant recoils from the lightning block of his opponent.



the illusion of softness vanished. The feminine grace was there, but so was training, endurance and concentration. Being far superior to the lower ranks, these matches were more interesting for the spectator. The contestants go through a whole string of moves before scoring points. They 'wouldn't be black belts if they didn't know how to block.

To make the finals more theatrical, the referee was Peter Urban, a tenth degree red belt master, and founder of the U.S.A. Goju System. Urban has a knack of milking every bit of suspense he can get out of a match. On a possible point score, he stops the action, asks the audience which way they want it. When they've screamed out their choice, he slowly points to each corner man for his verdict. Without the aid of a mike, his voice could be clearly heard in the back of the building.

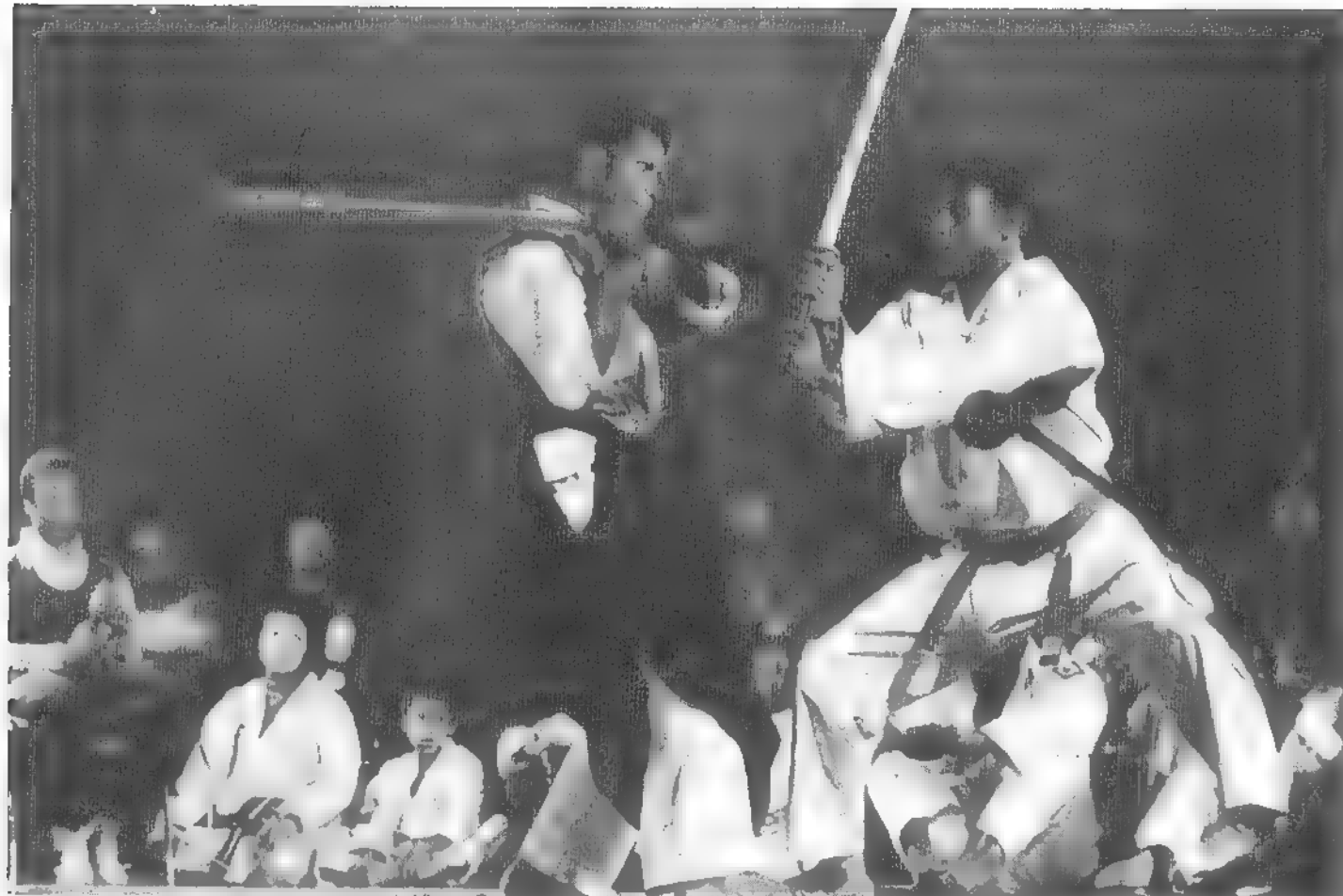
One expects women to have a certain fluidity and grace of form, but during one of the men's matches, you couldn't help but notice the effects of Martial Arts training. A guy lumbered on stage with one of those large bodies still decorated with a bit of baby fat. He just wasn't built for speed. But when the match began, suddenly he was balanced, lithe, controlled. He used a form reminiscent of Bruce Lee's *Jeet Kune Do*, and you can see the result in the pictures.

Suddenly, it was all over. The big winner had received his three foot triple-tiered trophy and they were turning on the extra lighting. The crowd was rushing out of the theater as eagerly as they had rushed to get in. Six and seven-year-old kids were doing wheel kicks past each other's ears and their parents were lighting up cigarettes. It was about ten PM.

EPILOGUE

Nine o'clock in the morning seems so long ago now. It is now Sunday night and the city itself seems to be "closing up shop!" It is late. And we are very tired.

A Martial Arts tournament of this nature is not a particularly easy thing to set up and organize. It requires great amounts of time and lots of hard work. The event has to be thought out, coordinated, a place chosen to hold it, publicity set up, whatever. And, even when all those things are taken care of, there are the details to be considered which can prove to be a bigger headache than the big stuff. There is getting the publicity out, figuring out seating, including a section for the



Here we have a demonstration of Samurai Sword form.

people from the press, and probably countless little functions I don't know anything about.

It is far from unusual, then, considering all that has to be taken care of, that mistakes occur, oversights, things not quite properly accounted for in that last mad rush. We're all human—these things happen. It would seem inhuman to sit in condemning judgment over such things.

Yet, at this tournament, things went wrong that we can't so readily excuse. These were major things, things which we feel not only affected enjoyment of what could have been (and still was, in many respects) a grand and exciting tournament, but actually, physically and mentally, affected coverage of the event.

First of all, eleven to twelve hours is much too long for this kind of thing, even with setting up and eliminations. Everything seemed to give way to mass disorganization and the eliminations were far too long in getting under way and the rest of the program followed suit.

But there was another thing—perhaps a very New York Cityish thing, perhaps not. Whatever, it is something we can't just gloss over and pretend. It is said that "Karate is

a thing of the spirit . . ." But it's this very strong spiritual discipline that seemed to be lacking in the many fighters witnessed that day.

The audience consisted of paying customers, and people who lost in the eliminations. The losers may have been mostly good guys, but you couldn't prove it easily. The disrespect shown, not only to those who paid to get in, but the senseis in charge of the tournament, was unbelievable. Pushing, crowding, shoving and jeering—not to mention several attempts by these punks to start fights with the press and untrained civilians—tends to annoy even the most easy-going of us. Observation suggests that the senseis haven't got much control over their students these days.

An obvious exception to the above was Fred Hamilton's group. If it wasn't for him, this tournament could not have been held, and winners and losers alike will admit that it was an important event. A few rotten apples don't make the barrel, and all that. We enjoyed the tournament, found it inspiring and entertaining, and we hope that it continues to have a future in New York and the Martial Arts World!



Oblivious to the crowd, one of Fred Hamilton's students intensely performs her kata.



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FU MANCHU, Sax Rohmer and SHANG-CHI

by David Anthony Kraft

1973 was an eventful year. It marked the full-scale onslaught of the Martial Arts media movement—among other things—and, sometime in the final quarter of the year, it heralded the first appearance of Fu Manchu's son in *Marvel Special Edition* #15. Shang-Chi was an immediate success, and the title of the comics magazine became, in very short order, *Master of Kung Fu*. Early this year a fullsize black-and-white bimonthly titled *The Deadly Hands of Kung Fu* debuted, starring Shang-Chi in a lead story each issue, and it quickly went to monthly publication.

Rapidly, plans were made for a Giant-Size four-color special devoted to this exciting character, whose popu-



Boris Karloff as Fu Manchu.



Author Sax Rohmer.

larity is not just a stateside phenomenon, but which also extends to England and other countries. Once more, Marvel had an overnight smash sensation. Yet in the creative rush which accompanies such success, one thing about Shang-Chi, *Master of Kung Fu*—featuring supporting characters created by Sax Rohmer—was overlooked, although not purposefully.

Just who the devil is Sax Rohmer, and what did he do?

The talents behind editing, writing and drawing the series have long known and admired the works of Rohmer, as have a certain segment of the strip's readers. But what about those who, until *Shang-Chi*, had never heard of the author who has been called the Master of Villainy? That's what this article is about to set straight.

The name Sax Rohmer may not exactly be a household word, but certainly that of his creation, the infamous Dr. Fu Manchu, is synonymous with evil in the minds of millions, after over sixty years of nefarious wrongdoing in the pages of magazines, books and on the silver screen. In fact, the ageless doctor has been the source of inspiration for so many villainous Orientals, including Wu Fang, Skull-Face, and Nick Fury's arch-enemy, the Yellow Claw, that a stereotype has developed—just as Tarzan, James Bond, Conan and others have been so successful that they were the models for stereotypes.

Sax Rohmer was the pseudonym of Arthur Sarsfield Ward (1883-1959), an Englishman. Born in Birmingham, young Arthur betrayed an early interest in Ancient Egypt, and later in occult literature. As a young man, he studied art, tried a financial career, and became a Fleet Street journalist, at which he was compe-



Fu Manchu torturing Sir Denis Nayland Smith
in *THE MASK OF FU MANCHU*.



Boris Karloff

tent if not notably successful.

And, of course, he turned to writing, although he was far from becoming an immediate bestseller. The fact is well-known that he papered a complete wall with rejection slips before receiving—on the same day—two acceptance notes, one from *Chambers' Journal*, and the other from *Pearson's Magazine*. The year was 1904.

His first story, "The Mysterious Mummy," was published in the January *Pearson's*. From then on Arthur Sarsfield Ward—better known under the pen name of Sax Rohmer—devoted most of his life to writing exciting and adventurous fiction. To quote Anice Page Cooper, Rohmer has "flashed against richly exotic backgrounds such diabolically ingenious and irresistible villains as one trusts this world has never seen."

Over the years, his stories have appeared in a myriad of magazines in England, the United States, and many other countries—publications such as *McClure's*, *Liberty*, *All-Story*, *The Saint* and quite a few others. And his exotic pseudonym has also appeared on a great many books, in addition to the world-famous Fu Manchu series. Books with titles like *GREY FACE*, *BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN*, *THE YELLOW CLAW*, *MOON OF MADNESS* and *YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS*. Mystery, the exotic, the Orient—these were Sax Rohmer's specialties.

He became a world traveler, and was at ease in Paris, New York City, London, Cairo or Damascus, and all his life he continued to add to his extensive knowledge of the Near East. And Rohmer continued to write until the time of his death.

"The Zayat Kiss," first in a series of short stories to be published in *Collier's* for 1913, appeared in the issue for February 15th. It introduced Nayland Smith and the awesome villain, Fu Manchu—and it was purportedly narrated by Dr. Petrie, who played the part of Dr. Watson to Smith's Holmes. The tales proved tremendously popular with readers of the day, and were collected into a book, now known as *THE INSIDIOUS DR. FU MANCHU*, published that same year.

That was the first in a series of novels that continue to be reprinted even today; some of them are almost always available in paperback. The sequels carry titles like *THE RETURN OF FU MANCHU*, or the *DAUGHTER, TRAIL, BRIDE, HAND, DRUMS* and *MASK* of the mysterious doctor. As late as 1957, just two years before his death, Rohmer had started writing another round of them, commissioned as paperback originals, the first of which was titled *RE-ENTER DR. FU MANCHU*. Arthur Sarsfield Ward died at the age of 76.

Fu Manchu did not perish with his mentor; in fact, a couple of volumes in the series were published posthumously—the paperback *EMPEROR FU MANCHU*, and a hardcover collection of the remaining shorter stories, called *THE WRATH OF FU MANCHU*, issued just last year in England. I was one of many Rohmer fans who greeted its appearance with great delight. There are at least 14 books in the canon, and there have also been several Fu Manchu films and even a TV series.

Two English celluloid versions of Rohmer's character,



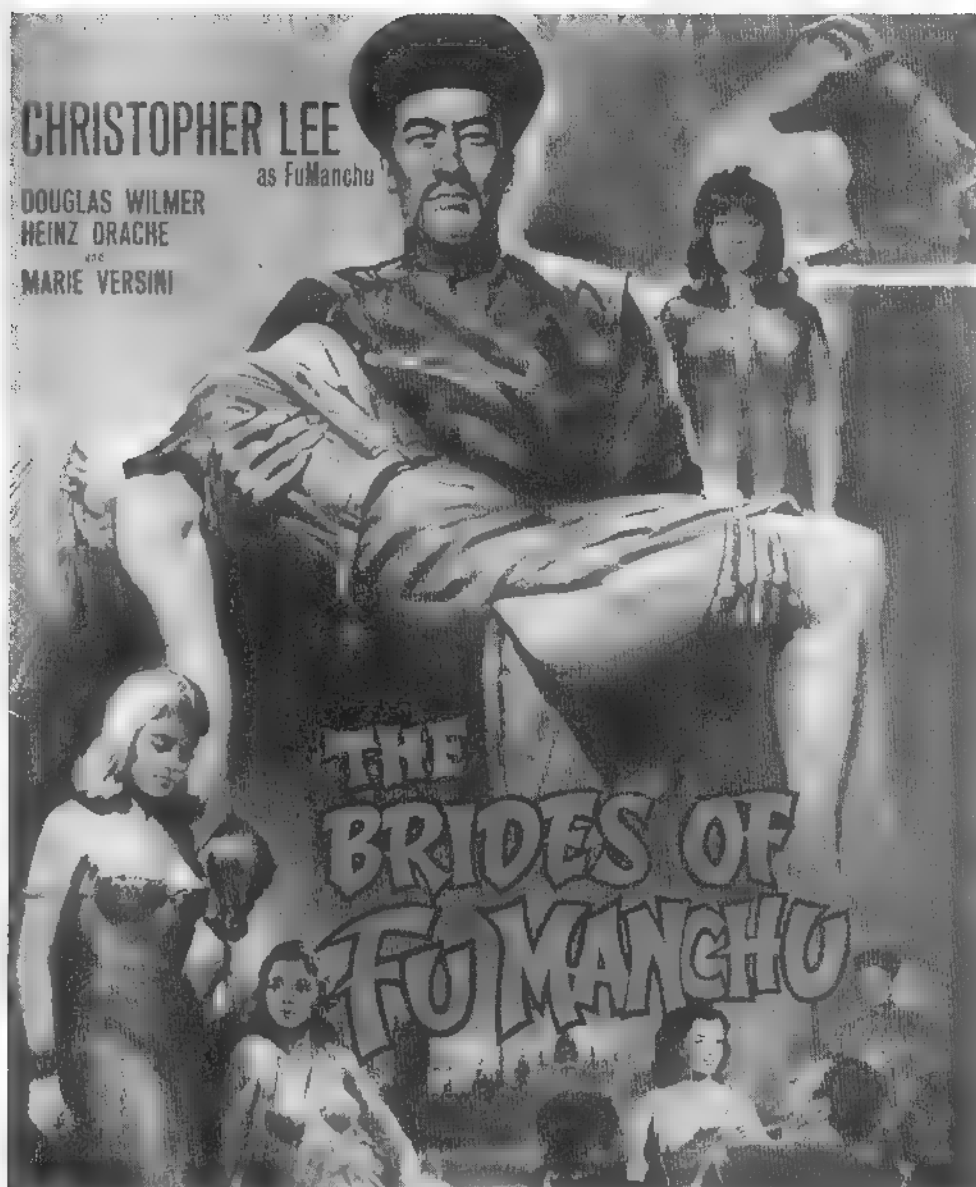
Karloff again as the evil genius.

consisting of 15 serial episodes each with Harry Agar Lyons in the title role, were released in 1923-24. But the actual first three movies about Fu to be widely distributed in America were produced by Paramount, and featured Warner Oland as the sinister genius. **THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU** appeared in 1929, followed by **THE RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU** in 1930, and **DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON** in 1931—all of which were talkies. In '33, MGM produced **THE MASK OF FU MANCHU**, starring the immortal Boris Karloff as Dr. You-Know-Who. And in 1940, **THE DRUMS OF FU MANCHU** was filmed as a serial, with Henry Brandon in the lead part.

An unsubstantiated report in 1955 hinted that radio, film and TV rights to the character had been sold for \$4,000,000: a TV series consisting of at least 13 episodes debuted that year as "The Adventures of Fu Manchu." And even more recently, 1965-69 saw the return of the English with a series of films starring another horror great, Christopher Lee, as the doctor. The first, titled **THE FACE OF FU MANCHU**, was followed by **BRIDES, VENGEANCE**—and **KISS AND KILL** (!). One more, **CASTLE**, has just been released in this country.

As for the good Dr. Fu Manchu, himself: His origin is never fully explained, but he is stated to have an immense intellect and an especially tremendous knowledge of most sciences, biology in particular. He is the head of a secret world-strangling organization known as the Si-Fan—and his single burning ambition is to rule the world. He is merciless, and among the many horrors





Poster for Christopher Lee's second film as Rohmer's villain.

retained for those who displease him are mutated plants, spiders, mushrooms and deadly spores. He often experiments fiendishly upon the living, and he is known to have raised the dead to perform, zombie-like, for him.

Yet, for all that, Fu Manchu is a man of his word—a trait seemingly shared by other enormously-powerful villains such as Dr. Doom—and despite the fact that, throughout the books, he continually eludes his nemesis, Nayland Smith of Scotland Yard, Fu Manchu still seems to retain a species of inscrutable respect for the tenacious British inspector.

It's interesting to note that in Sax Rohmer's novels, Fu has a daughter named Fah Loh Suee, who frequently saves Smith's life, and with whom Dr. Petrie falls madly in love. There is, of course, no mention of Shang-Chi; we can assume that Rohmer didn't live long enough to chronicle the present-day events narrated in *Master of Kung Fu* and in *Deadly Hands*.

Ah, and now we've reached the year 1973 again, and it's time for a little background on how Marvel conceived the blockbusting Shang-Chi series. It starts with Roy Thomas.

Well known for his attempts to bring the best of such text authors as Lovecraft, Howard, Bloch and others to Marvel via comic adaptations, Roy admired the Fu

Manchu books, and made tentative arrangements to obtain rights for a comicbook version. After all, even Marvel's own Yellow Claw and the Mandarin were patterned at least partially after the insidious Fu, which goes to show how much the bullpen appreciates the good doctor.

However, in usual fashion at 575 Madison Avenue, things were in such a hectic daily uproar that there was no immediate chance to place the series in a title—or to decide who would write and draw it and what direction it should take. Meanwhile, the Martial Arts movement was gaining motion, and Steve Englehart and Jim Starlin expressed interest in doing a Kung Fu action feature. Stan and Roy put their heads together. What was the logical and natural thing to do? Combine the two concepts, of course, to create an uniquely original approach—Shang-Chi, son of the most insidious villain the world has ever known, Dr. Fu Manchu!

The idea delighted Steve, a longtime fan of Sax Rohmer, who had just finished writing a three-part story in *Captain America* featuring the Yellow Claw. Some few changes from the Rohmer novels were necessitated for adaptation to comic form, such as the death of Dr. Petrie. Otherwise, the decision was to keep as close to the original concept of Fu Manchu as possible. The

team of Englehart, Starlin and Milgrom did an incredible job on the first Master of Kung Fu story, which most recently has been reprinted in *Deadly Hands* #2.

The name Shang-Chi was derived from the Chinese Book of Changes, the I CHING. Shang means rising or advancing, and Chi means spirit or inner strength. Steve melded them. Thus: The rising or advancing of the spirit—Shang-Chi. And while the bullpen fully expected the new feature to be a hit, they had no idea *how* popular it would prove.

So popular, in fact, that the ever-increasing demand for new episodes created too much of a workload for the already-overworked trio who premiered the first few adventures, and the series devolved primarily onto the shoulders of Doug Moench and Paul Gulacy. Al Milgrom occasionally, and others who are doing their best to please you.

Thus, a sinister Oriental villain created more than sixty years ago by Sax Rohmer—alias Arthur Sarsfield Ward—lives and plots on in an entirely new series featuring Marvel's Master of the Martial Arts, Shang-Chi. A brilliant concept. But could you expect less?

And an imaginary toast to Sax Rohmer, Master of Villainy!



Warner Oland as the devil doctor, with subservient underling.

Henry Brandon as an unconvincing Fu Manchu in the 1940 DRUMS.



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UNDER THE PAGODA



News, reviews and clues to what's happening in the Martial Arts media

by David Warner

It may have been a long time coming, but when the Martial Arts craze hit, it hit in a big way! Now they have, I think, passed beyond the point of being a fad and have settled into becoming a genre and a form that deserves respect and will certainly be with us for a looong time to come. One gander at this ish's two-fisted news column, below, should provide you with any proof you need. Sock and roll is here to stay!

It almost seems impossible, when one considers the genre's valiant—but meagre—beginnings. The Martial Arts as media entertainment has been trying to rear its (Dragon) head for over a decade, but, apparently, the time-and-place for a successful full-scale invasion weren't ripe until 1972. In 1965, a series of books appeared in England, which—to this day—contain some of the best verbally choreographed Martial Arts I have ever read! I'm referring to Peter O'Donnell's novel, "MODESTY BLAISE" and the subsequent series. In the late sixties, we got Bruce Lee as Kato in the late, unlamented TV series, *THE GREEN HORNET*. And even James Bond got into the act in Sean Connery's next-to-last outing as 007, in *YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE*, a film more replete with *ninjas* and *samurai* than *karate* and *Kung Fu* (after all, though, the film was set in Japan, not Hong Kong). However, the last half of the sixties did

see the emergence of the Samurai film as respectable cinema; the trouble was, art house/college campus popularity does not a major box office success make.

But we all know that, after too long a time, Martial Arts conquered the world; and then some.

You'll notice that this column has undergone a bit of a facelift in presentation. If there's anything *Mighty Marvel* can't be accused of, it's sitting still! We felt the need for a more generalized news column with a broader base to supply information from in order to keep you informed. But fear not, we will still be covering the Chinatown circuits from time to time.

And, now let's get right into it...

PAGODATA: new releases on their way!

3-D IN THE OFFING... while no one has, as yet, undertaken to shoot a *Kung Fu* film specifically for 3-D, a new process has been devised to make flat films into 3-D. The conversion process, which is a recent development, involves overlapping frames to simulate depth.

SHAW BROTHERS 1974 RELEASES... some of these are probably opening even as you read this. New releases include: "THE MASTER OF KUNG FU", "THE KILLER SNAKES", "NA CHA AND THE

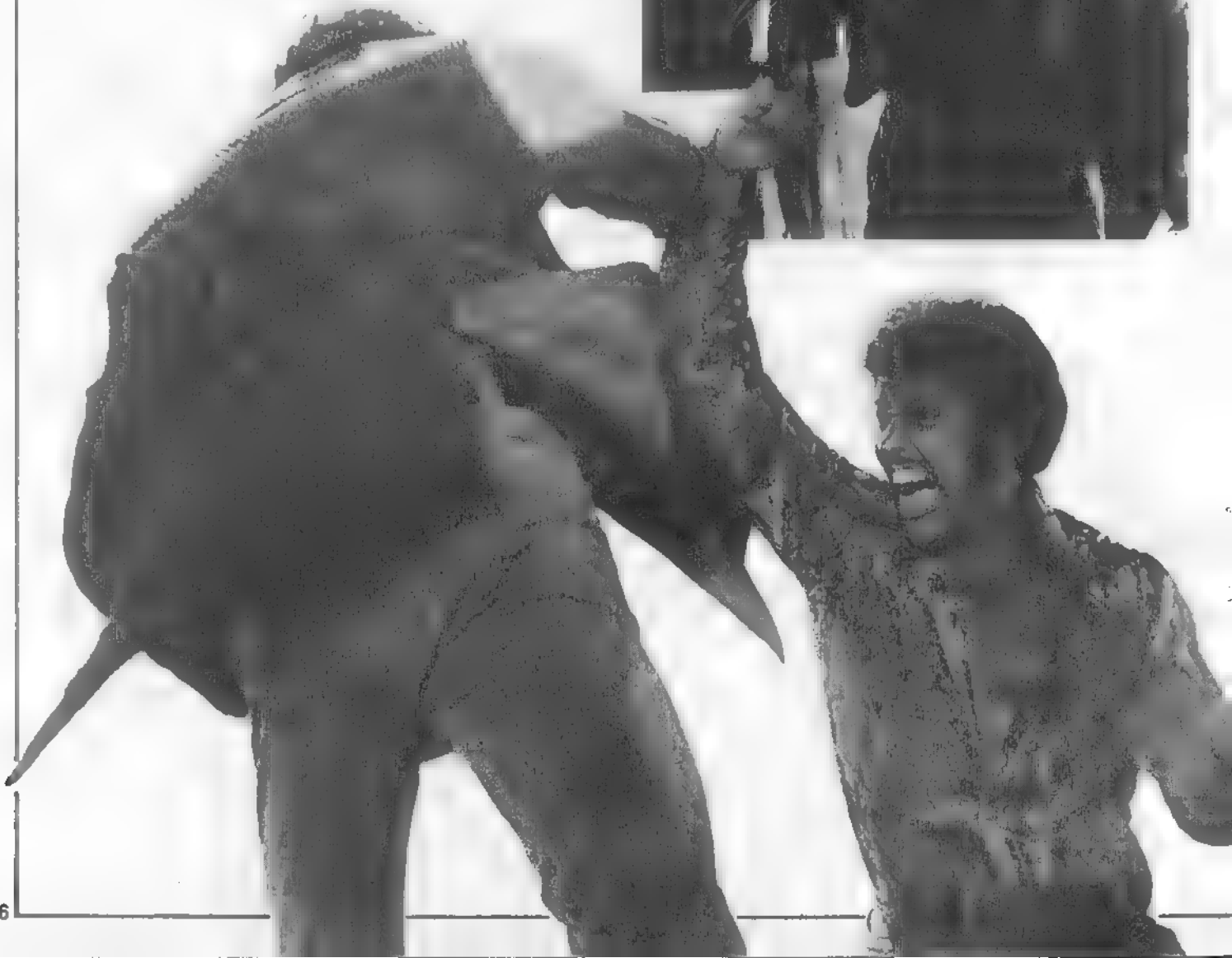
SEVEN DEVILS", "SHAO LIN MARTIAL ARTS" and "ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS". Shaw Bros. has also been doing co-production deals, including two already completed films with Hammer Films. The first is "SHATTER" with Peter Cushing and Ti Lung and directed by Monte Hellman. The other is "LEGEND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES" with Peter Cushing and one of my favorite Chinese actor/Martial Artists, David Chiang! "GOLDEN VAMPIRES" is directed by Roy Ward Baker. In April 1974 Shaw Bros. began production on "BLOOD MONEY" with Lee Van Cleef and Lo Lieh (FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH).

WARNERS started production in January of this year on a film called "YAKUZA". Yakuza is the name for Japanese gangsters of the 1920s, who used Martial Arts and the Samurai shortsword. The film deals with an American detective in the twenties who goes to Japan and his dealings with the Yakuza. The film stars Robert Mitchum, Ken Takakura and Eiji Okada. It is directed by Sidney Pollack.

THREE RAYMOND CHOW (GOLDEN HARVEST) PRODUCTIONS to watch out for... "THE WAY OF THE DRAGON", a film made by Bruce Lee, will be released probably near Labor Day this year, or shortly after. A film called "STONER" will feature George Lazenby (he played 007 in ON HER MAJESTY'S

SECRET SERVICE) co-starring with superstar Angela Mao Ying (*pant pant*). And finally Jhoon Rhee, a Korean-American who operates a dojo in Washington, D.C. and is vice-president of the American Taekwondo Association, will be spotlighted in the film "WHEN TAEKWONDO STRIKES".

KEN RUSSELL, even as he is working on an ambitious production of *The Who's "TOMMY"*, is preparing for production a film called "KARATE IS A THING OF THE SPIRIT". Russell, who is England's premier outlandish avant guard director responsible for *THE DEVILS*, *THE MUSIC LOVERS*, and *BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN*, is one of my personal favorite directors. I can promise you one thing— it won't be





anything like any other Martial Arts movie! Release could be late '75.

JAPANESE SAMURAI SUPERSTAR Toshiro Mifune (*THE SEVEN SAMURAI*, *YOJIMBO*, *RED SUN*) is co-starring with British actor David Niven in "*PAPER TIGER*". I can't actually tell you what the film deals with, but I thought all you Mifunites would like to know!

SPECIAL THANKS DEPARTMENT:

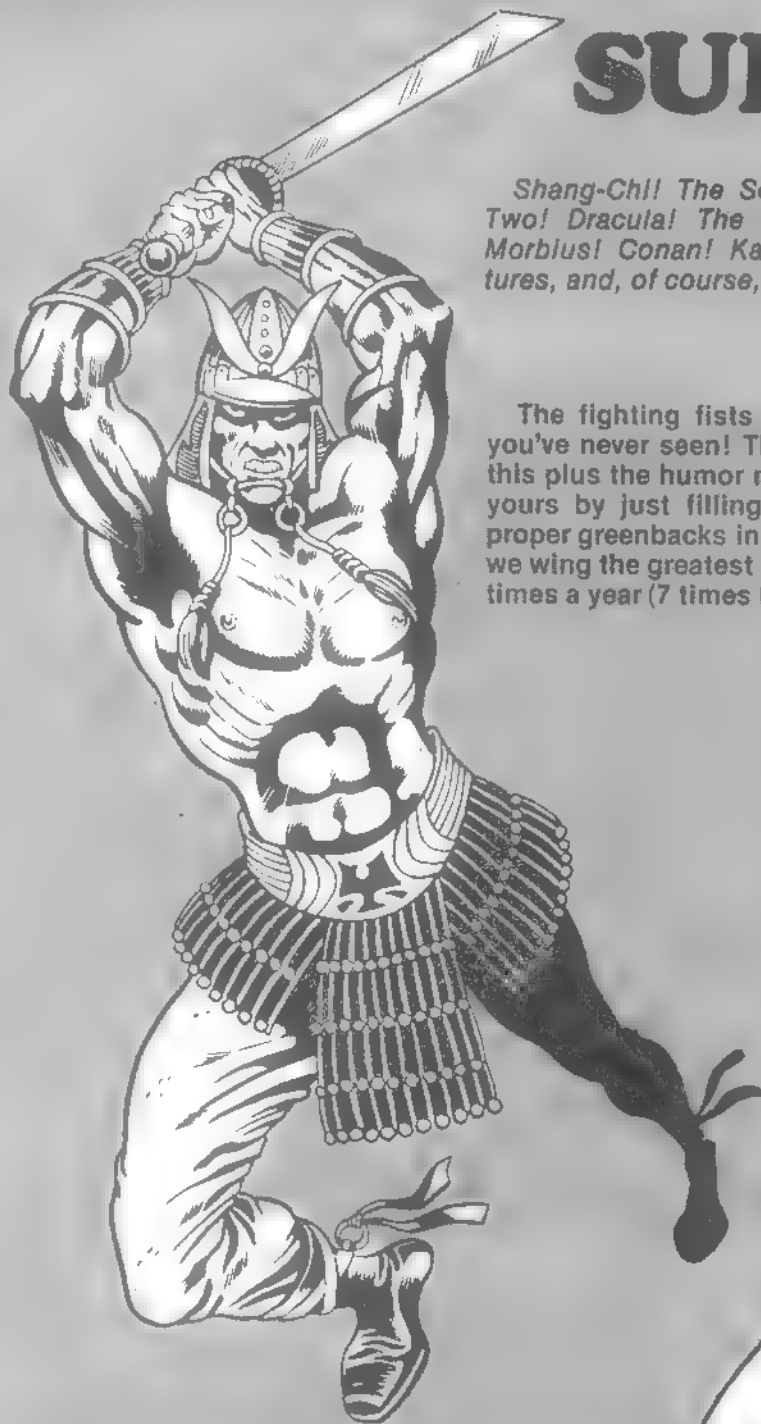
RISING SUN ENTERPRISES (Roninfilm) is an exciting, young (bright-eyed and bushy-tailed) new distributing company specializing in Japanese Cinema, especially Samurai films. As I write this, they are currently hosting one of the biggest and best Japanese film festivals ever to play in New York. They are Russel Schwartz, Doug Dilg and George Braun, heroes all, and I'd like to take this moment to thank them for all the incredible co-operation and time they've devoted to making my coverage of these films possible. They plan on

taking mini-versions of this festival around the country in the fall and hope to become a major source of Japanese film for Universities and independent theatres. They also hope to release dubbed Samurai films to the general public. Their first such project was "*ZATOICHI, THE BLIND SWORDSMAN*" which opened at about 40 theatres around Metropolitan New York. So watch for **CINEMA EAST**— if it hits your neck of the woods, you won't want to miss a single minute!

MY APPOLOGIES that this edition of *UNDER THE PAGODA* doesn't have any reviews... it was unavoidable, but that section will return with the very next edition! As a last note, watch for upcoming Japanese Martial Arts films in general release. Among the best will be the "*SHADOW HUNTERS*" series dealing with three swordsmen who make a living hunting Ninjas and "*GOYOKIN*", an action-horror film with Tatsuya Nakadai (it may be re-titled in general release. I'll let you know as soon as I do).

Until then, keep limber... the Martial Arts are alive and well at Mighty Marvel!

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KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

NOWADAYS, TIMES AND TASTES HAVE CHANGED. PEOPLE FLY BY JET NOW. THEY STUDY THE MARTIAL ARTS.

THEY CALLED IT DUE WILD BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN PLANES FLEW COAST-TO-COAST IN 12 HOURS AND ROCKY ROLL WAS NEW.

AND, OCCASIONALLY, THEY HOLD TOURNAMENTS.

SUCH AS THE MARIS INVITATIONAL, NEW YORK, JOKINGLY CALLED THE WORLD SERIES OF KUNG FU!

MAN, I AM BEAT! OL' ABE COULD REALLY USE SOME SHUT-EYE RIGHT AB...

CHAPTER 2: THE SONS OF THE TIGER!

I'M AFRAID OUR ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK HAS BEEN SOMEWHAT ANTICIPATED...

YOUR REST WILL HAVE TO WAIT, ABE...

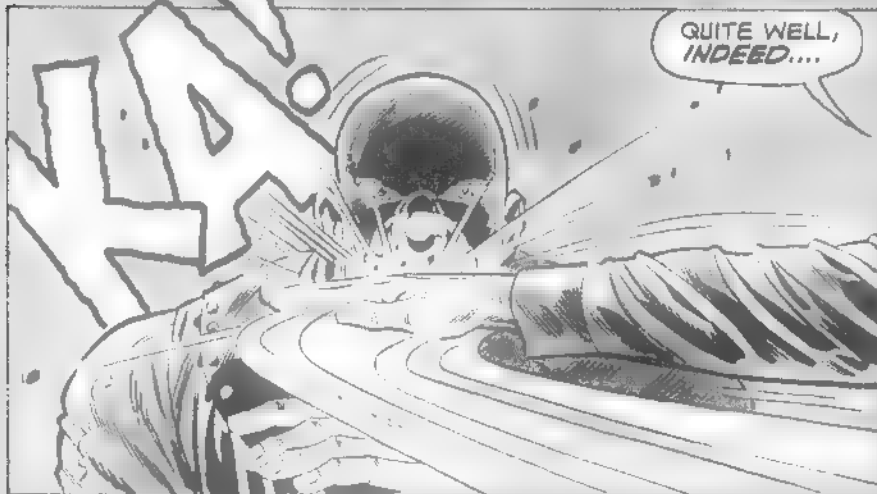
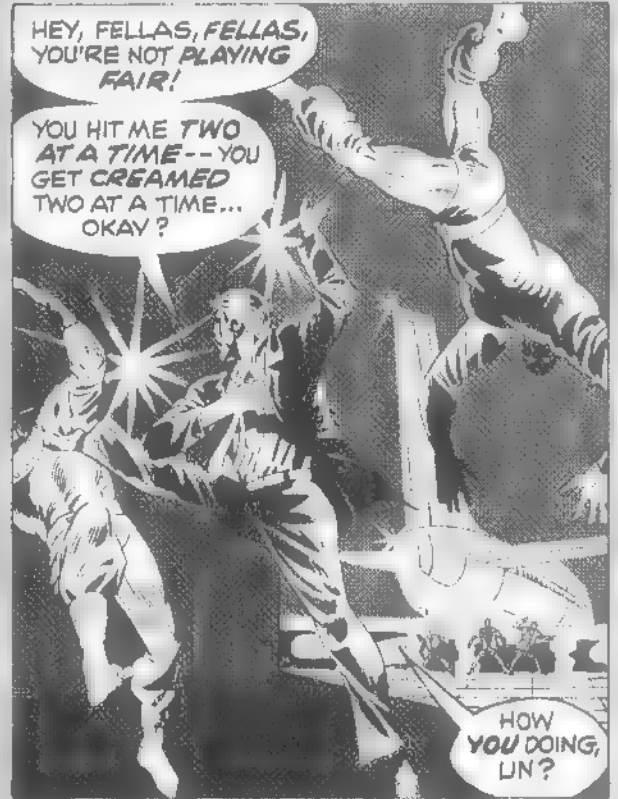
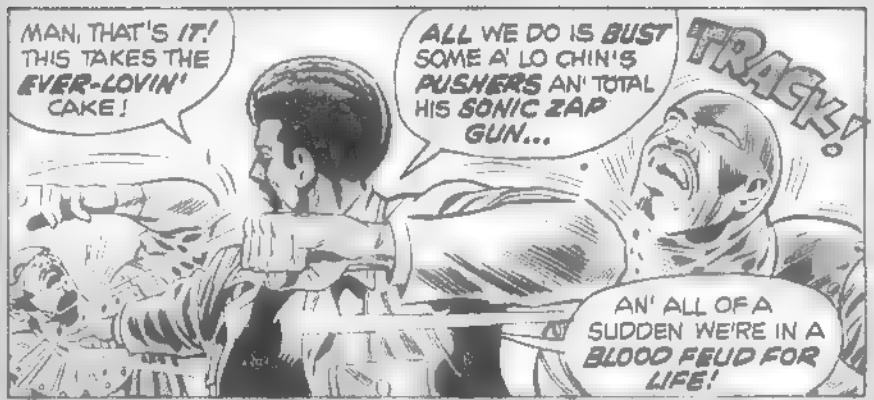
YOU HAVE INTERFERED ONCE TOO OFTEN IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE SILENT ONES...*

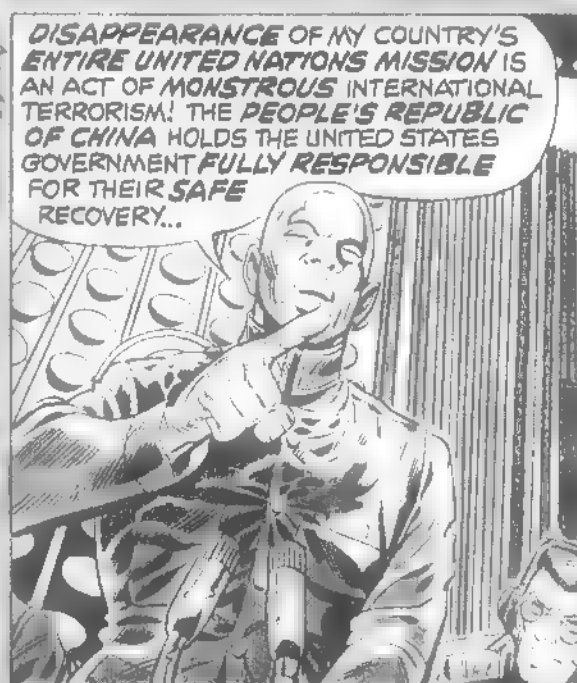
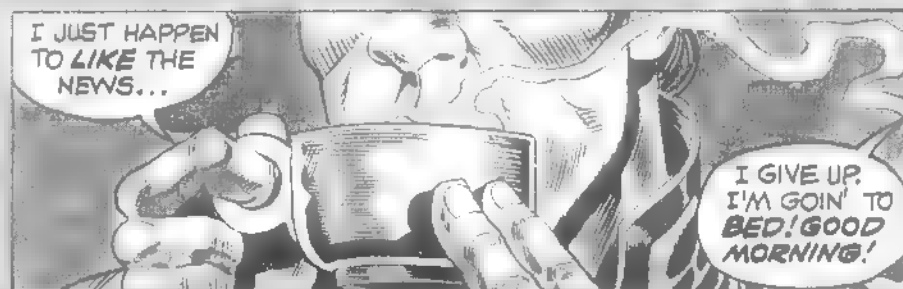
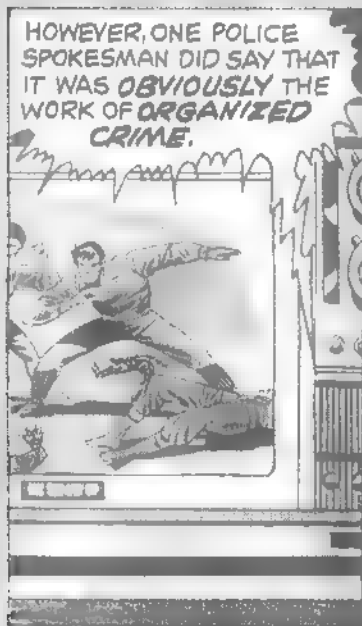
...FOR THAT, YOU MUST PAY!

AT LO CHIN'S COMMAND, YOU DIE!

HOYYY-A!

TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT'S ALL ABOUT, CHECK OUT DEADLY HAN OF KUNG FU #S 1, 3 & 4 -- ROY.









PSSST! GET A
LOAD OF THE
HEAVIES IN
THE BACK
ROW. WHAT
SEWER DID
THEY CRAWL
OUT OF?

SHHH!

I KNOW. I KNOW
THE TYPE FROM 'WAY BACK!!
THEY'RE "MUSCLE," VERY
HEAVY MUSCLE. YOU WATCH
YOUR BACK, BROTHER.

AND I SAY THAT IF THE
AMERICAN GOVERNMENT CAN-
NOT GUARANTEE THE SAFETY
OF CHINESE DIPLOMATS IN
AMERICA, THEN CHINA WILL
NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
SAFETY OF AMERICANS
IN CHINA...

CALM DOWN,
TSAING-WA. THIS
IS NO TIME FOR
HISTRIONICS.
YOU'RE ONLY
MAKING THINGS
WORSE...

HUHH? THAT MAN
BEHIND ME...WHAT'S
HE DOING?

HE'S THE ONE WHO DIDN'T
WANT TO LET US IN...

AND HE'S
BEEN FIDGETING
AND LOOKING
AT HIS WATCH
SINCE WE SAT
DOWN...

THE MAN'S
LOOKING IN MY
DIRECTION...
WHAT'S HAPPENING
NOW?!

LIN'S REVERIE SHATTERED IN MID-SENTENCE
AS THE BEARDED LASCAR SPRINGS TO HIS
FEET AND ELBOWS HIS WAY TO THE BALCONY
RAIL

ASSAULT GROUP A!

NOW!



HEAR ME, COMRADES! ATTACK IN
THE NAME OF MAO-TSE-TUNG
AND THE GLORIOUS CHINESE
PEOPLE!

ATTACK! AND
DESTROY THE
WARMONGERING
AMERICAN
FASCISTS!

DO NOT
MOVE, FOOLS!
WE WILL NOT
HESITATE TO
KILL YOU!

ARE THESE GUYS
FOR REAL? "WAR-
MONGERING... FASCISTS?"
HEY, LIN, THEY'RE HEADING
FOR THE AMERICAN
DELEGATION!

AND SO SHALL WE,
ROBERT. BUT FIRST WE
MUST DEAL WITH SOME
SMALL PROBLEMS
OF OUR OWN.





INSANE LIN SUN. PERHAPS,
BUT IT'S HAPPENING ANYWAY.

MOVE IT!
MOVE IT!
WE'RE BEHIND
SCHEDULE!

KILL
ANYONE
WHO
GETS IN
OUR
WAY!

THEY'RE
GETTING
AWAY!

THAT SO, BABE?
OKAY, FELLA, PLAY-
TIME'S OVER!

CHA-POW!

THOSE GUYS AREN'T GONNA
GET FAR. THERE MUST BE
HALF THE US ARMY
WAITING OUT THERE FOR
THEM BY NOW.

TRUE ENOUGH, BOB DIAMOND--
BEFORE THE ASSAULT. BUT THE
MINUTES SINCE THEN HAVE BEEN
A SHIRLING MAELSTORM OF
CONFUSION, FEAR AND PANIC.

IT'S NIGHTMARE. LIKE ANY
NIGHTMARE, THE PEOPLE WHO GET HURT
THE MOST ARE THE ONES WHO LEAST
DESERVE IT. THE INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS...

AND INTO THIS MESS
CHARGE THE SONS OF
THE TIGER...

WHERE'D
THEY GO?



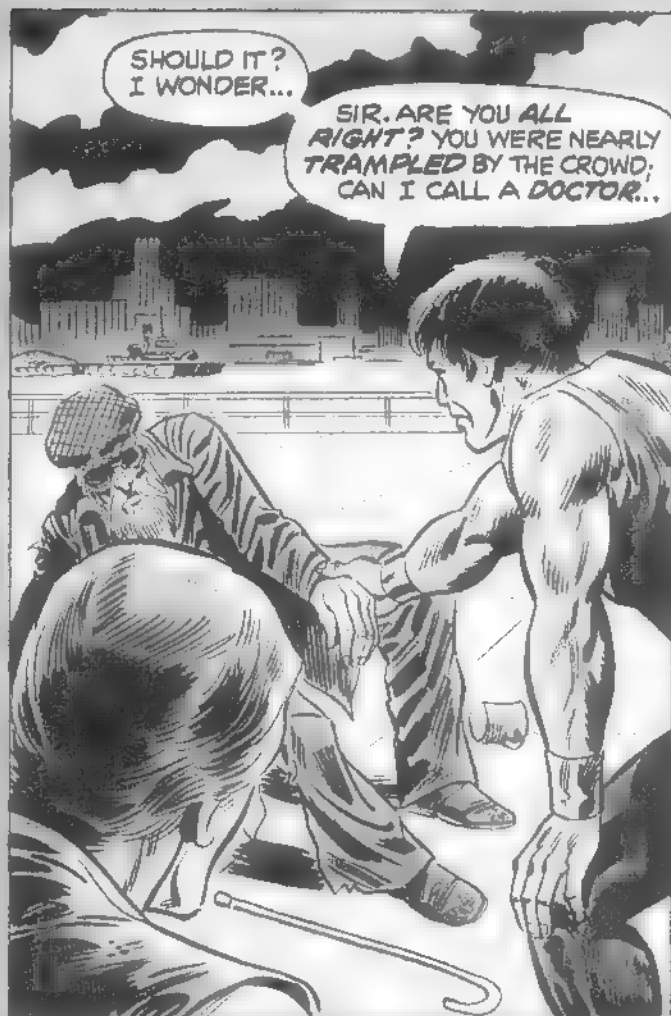
WE COULD HAVE STOPPED THEM IF WE'D GOTTEN OUT FASTER!

COOL OFF, LIN. WE DID OUR BEST.

AND FOR WHAT IT WAS WORTH, WE GOT MOST OF THEM. THAT SHOULD COUNT FOR SOMETHING....

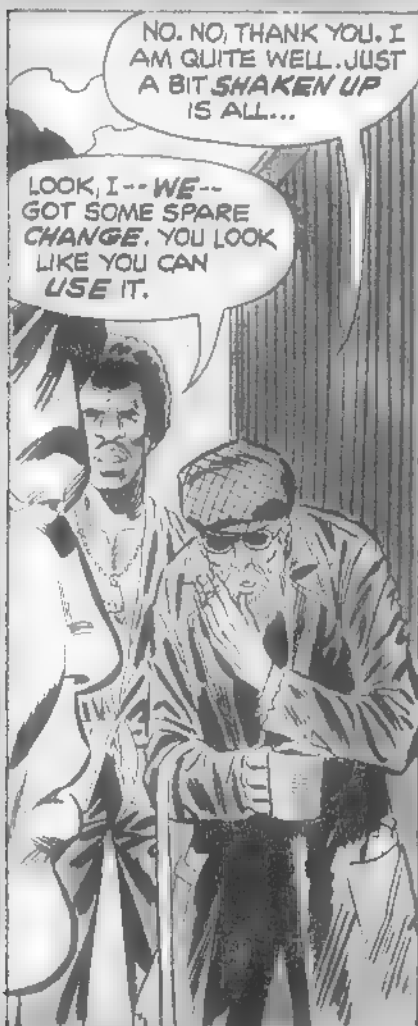
THERE!

HELICOPTERS! THEY HAD HELICOPTERS!



SHOULD IT? I WONDER...

SIR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU WERE NEARLY TRAMPLED BY THE CROWD! CAN I CALL A DOCTOR...



NO. NO, THANK YOU. I AM QUITE WELL. JUST A BIT SHAKEN UP IS ALL...

LOOK, I--WE-- GOT SOME SPARE CHANGE. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU CAN USE IT.



THANK YOU, MY SON. YOU ARE MOST KIND. LIVE LONG, YOUNG SIR, LIVE WELL.

WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE.



LATER, WHEN THINGS HAVE QUIETED DOWN A BIT

OKAY, GENTLEMEN, THANKS FOR YOUR HELP...

SIR?



OH MY GOD, NO!!

THE CHINESE HAVE DELIVERED AN ULTIMATUM. THE PRESIDENT'S HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ORDER A GLOBAL WAR ALERT.

IF THE MISSING DELEGATES AREN'T FOUND BY MIDNIGHT TOMORROW...

ANYONE KNOW A GOOD PRAYER?

THE CHINESE MECHANIC

by J. David Warner

The film I have just screened is called "THE CHINESE MECHANIC"! Before I proceed any further I should explain that it is decidedly not about life in a local Hong Kong filling station, the only front-end jobs are on some of the bustier females and the only suspension is, in some cases, that of the audience's belief. "Mechanic," as we learned some time ago in an absolutely splendid "B" movie (THE MECHANIC, starring Charles Bronson, directed by Michael Winner), is a slang term referring to an underworld assassin-for-hire. Actually, though, in "THE CHINESE MECHANIC," the title character (our hero no less) is more of a punisher than an assassin. The only ones he ends up killing are the villains.

And once again the house lights go off and it's one hundred minutes of non-stop, bone-crushing ACTION!

This is one of the most Jekyll-Hyde movies I've seen in quite some time—which makes this one hard movie to peg a rating and review on. You remember that famous childhood verse about the manic-depressive? (As I recall it: "When she was good, she was very, very good! But when she was bad, she was horrible...!") Well, something like that anyway.) Well, that almost perfectly describes this film. What's good about it will make you leap right out of your seat and shout. But when it's bad, you want to just be somewhere else—anywhere but in that theatre.

Deadly fighters out for blood... all in a day's work for Ting Yee!





The Gambling Casino... Ting Yee (BARRY CHAN) puts down a Troublemaker!

The result of all this is very critical chaos. If you are watching something that is flat out entertaining fun, a warm, chuckly personality seems to arise within you that tends to overlook most defects. But if it is really bad, the great American cynic within us all arises, giving little quarter even to occasional good. And when both arise at the same time and you need to conjure a referee—whew, that's three people *already* reviewing this film. Now you can see the confusion. But I'll try my best.

The opening scene wasn't bad but it made no sense; and much later in the film my cynic was fully convinced that it would never tie in with the film except that one of the characters from that scene kept reoccurring. He was almost right. The film opens with a truck taking workers to the mines. Suddenly metal drums come cascading down the hillside directly in the path of the truck. No sooner have the crashing barrels settled than Japanese assassins come leaping out of them. (*All right!* my chuckly personality shouts, *That's really right on!*) The Japanese then kill every one of the workers except for one man—whose escape is never explained—his daughter and a friend's young son; again the escapes are flimsily accounted for.

Cut to credits.

There are no credits. Just swirling red and badly drawn pictures of Martial Artists.

By this time cynic was sitting on chuckly's face. But, suddenly, all that took a quick change, just as soon as we cut back from the non-credits to the film. We are, at that moment, introduced to the star—*Barry Chan!* He plays Ting Yee and, whatever he does, he does it remarkably well! (*Weeeeeoooo!* —chuckles.) The key to it all is charac-



The boss' Japanese friend gives a demonstration of his peerless prowess!



One of the local hoods is out to get BARRY CHAN . . . but our Japanese friend steps in . . .



ter. Like all too few of these Martial Arts heroes, his style denotes a fascinating personality—■ unique cry here, a particular swivel there; and best of all, facial expressions as singular as his fingerprints! And he fights well! Good stuff!

Getting on with our story, Ting Yee starts off as a railroad worker but quits when he gets into ■ fight to help ■ fellow worker. Again no explanations. But a member of the Hong Kong underworld called Four-Eyes spots Ting's fighting skill and follows him to Hong Kong. Ting needs work so he takes ■ job with the underworld (and they never clear up whether he knows who he's dealing with) as their punisher.

For awhile the story rides. Working for ■ gangland boss not dissimilar to *Spiderman's* Kingpin, he punishes (but doesn't kill) one man who stole gold from the boss and ■ man who won too much at the tables, and the like. But then things start to happen. (*And about time, I say! —cynic*)

First, one of the boss' men decides he doesn't like Ting and gets him in trouble with the boss. Trouble is, nothing ever happens with that plot. The other thing is that a Japanese friend of the boss enters the picture with a very pretty daughter, which makes Ting's girlfriend very jealous.

Now, we'll pause a moment to let our cynic grumble to himself that nothing much in the plot is making any sense while chuckles gets off on this new female character. She's good! No, strike that (no pun intended), she's GREAT! She looks good, not one of the all-too-common wilting flowers, she fights as good as our hero (she's a master of sidestepping and ducking and generally letting



BARRY CHAN has betrayed the boss... which doesn't please certain associates.



But BARRY CHAN strikes back,

kicking and punching his way through rice paper screens.



THE FINAL BATTLE! BARRY CHAN takes on the boss' Number One hit man!

her opponents destroy each other unintentionally) and, as a bonus, she bears a strange oriental resemblance to Diana Rigg of *AVENGERS* fame.

Anyway, sometime about now we finally find out what the opening scene has to do with anything. That Japanese fellow, the one with "Diana Rigg" as a daughter, is the one responsible for having all those workers killed. He did it because they were workers at a gold mine, and he wanted the mine. Now, after all these years, he wants to make it legal so he needs to have the murdered owner's son sign papers. That son turns out to be Ting Yee.

I'm guilty here of gross oversimplification of details in telling this plot; but when none of those details make any kind of sense what else can you do with them? Sure, that's old cynic talking, but I'm afraid he's right. Suffice it to say the villains kidnap Ting's sister and he kills the Japanese fellow, after which he and the villain's daughter embrace! I don't know who the story and film editor were but, considering all the gaps in continuity, one might readily suspect Rosemary Woods!

But now, cynic, take a seat in the back and shut up! Because, believe it or not, after all I just said about it, I think you will like this film! Really! And that's what I can't explain. But, again, I'll try.

Foremost is Barry Chan! I personally would like to see more of him. If nothing else (and there is plenty "else") he comes off as the year's best dressed Kung Fu hero, looking like he just stepped out of a *Playboy* magazine

fashion spread (although he does wear suspenders and dungarees at the beginning).

Also fine is the fighting—not just Barry but everybody. Good Choreography, and lots of variety. Especially nice are some of the weapons fights, even when the weapons are entirely improvised! At one point Barry and an opponent fight with fireplace tools. Another, probably the best fight of the movie (for the short time it lasts), is between a Japanese student and Barry. The Japanese student is armed with a spear and is whirling it around and around. Barry is armed with two clubs and is whirling *them* around and around, one in each hand. It's like a battle between two helicopters and it's really a lot of fun!

Some of the many supporting actors and actresses are quite good and that helps a lot. Most of the time the director knows what he's doing—at least when he's not tilting the camera in order to achieve dubious special effects. He does know how to vary scene and location giving the film visual variety and, thus, vitality.

The cynic wants to give the parts of the film that awoke him one star. Chuckles wants to give the parts of the film that thrilled him three and one half stars. My referee just quit. It gets only two stars, I'm afraid. Too bad—three star potential!

But for Barry Chan and the girl and the fights alone, I still obstinately think you should see it! Nyaaaahhh! Tony, I think I need another vacation! Cheee!

But, in the background, there still lurks the boss' Japanese friend, BARRY CHAN's mortal enemy. Of course, our hero wins the day—and the girl—but there's still one heckuva fight in between.



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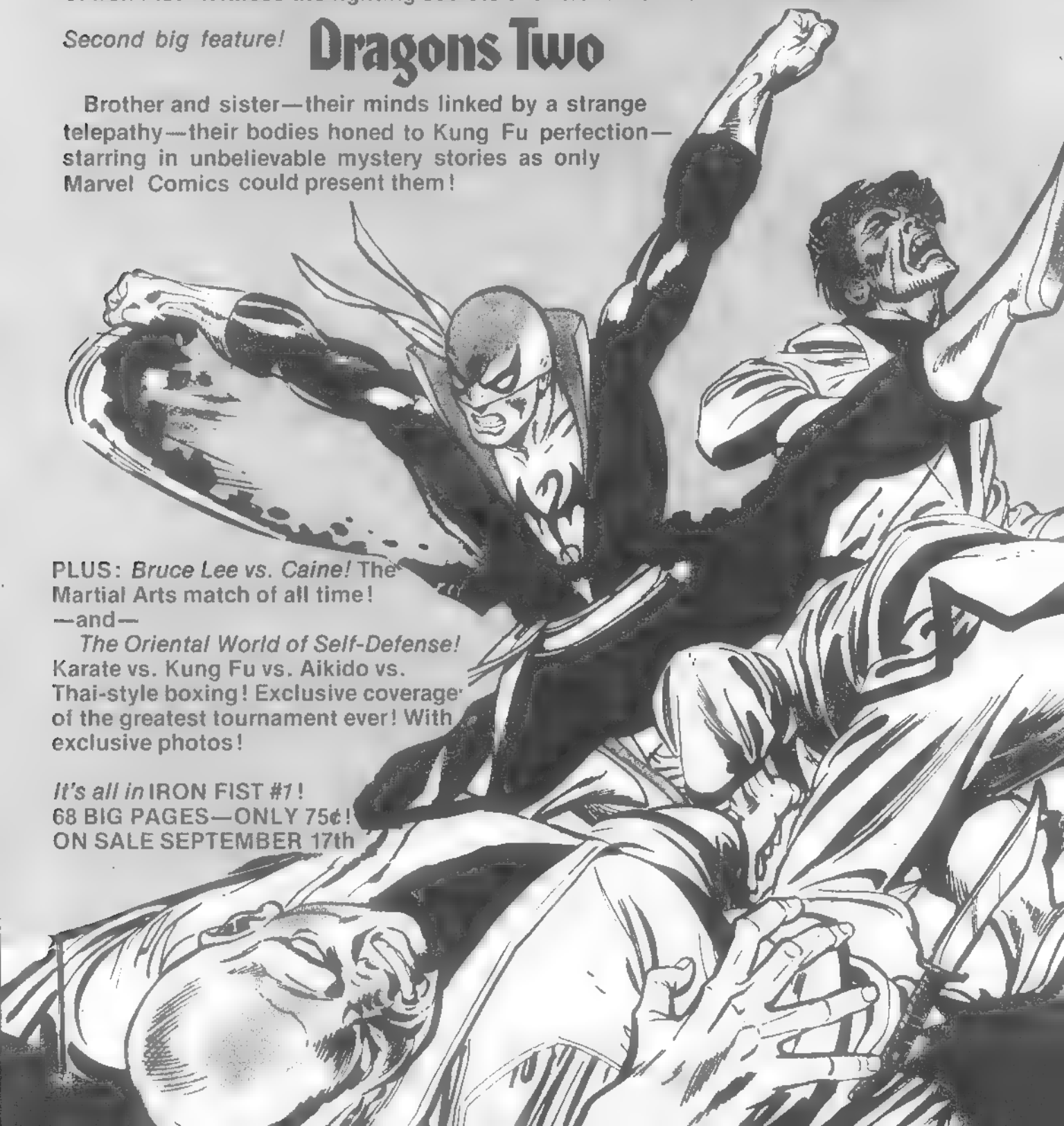
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SHAOLIN FLASHBACK

by Malachi Ronin

Kwai Chang Caine stands, the sun beating down. Stifling air, sweat, prickling heat—yet Caine stands calm, his eyes fixed, watching.

Standing before him could be any number of men or women or children or combinations, an act of violence, an act of loving, threats directed towards him or others or even out-and-out aggression. And in his mind ■ dormant but never lost memory stirs from cranial hybernation. The camera visuals blurr, even if Caine's faculties do not...

... the image returns to focus, and is more than likely ■ scene in or around the particular Shaolin Temple in which Caine was raised and trained (it is never clarified whether he is a monk or not; it is hinted at when he is referred to as "priest," but he is always called this in

reaction to the emblems on his arms, which don't mean that at all, but we'll get to that). Caine's life is like tea; the leaves of his present are unfulfilled unless immersed in the waters of his past.

If you are in the habit, on Thursday nights, of tuning in your local ABC affiliate television station and watching *Kung Fu* starring David Carradine, then the term "Shaolin Temple" has become very familiar. The term, maybe, but little else. The glimpses ■ of the temple may be demonstrative, perhaps accurate (or at least researched, which is not always the same thing), but they are without orientation or explanation.

Don't blame the harried individuals responsible for assembling and producing the *Kung Fu* episodes—the fault lies in the fact that Chinese history—at least as it's



Taught to be a man of peace, Caine was also a supreme Martial Artist.



available in the West— is at best ■ muddled, perplexing stew of fact, fantasy and folklore and when you're producing an hour a week you just can't make a career out of your research. That, but also it's all so complex that to fully explain the background to each flashback would take up more time than the plot.

As an example, take the term Kung Fu. A collective term applied to myriad forms and variations of Chinese fighting arts, right?

Wrong... or at least opening yourself to debate; the correct answers are few and far between. In Mandarin, *Kung* means "work" and *Fu* means "man." *Kung Fu* then, means "accomplished or skilled man" with the inflection of ■ time element involved, development over the years. It can refer to any aspect of one's life, from Martial Arts to farming to priesthood, and reflects a oneness of mind and body. The concepts become harder and harder to translate into English. What we refer to as "Kung Fu" should actually be called *Chuan Fa*. In Mandarin, *Chuan* refers to "fist" and *Fa* translates roughly as "law" or "way." Loosely then, *Chuan Fa* comes out as "the way of the fist" and refers to the Shaolin Martial Arts. That gives you an idea of how weird these things can get. But, as far as Western audiences go, the mis-substitution of terms is now irreversible. Good thing, too; I'd hate to have to comb the newsstands for a copy of **THE DEADLY HANDS OF CHUAN FA!**

Be that as it may, let's take ■ look at life in the Shaolin temples, although even this will prove but ■ shallow

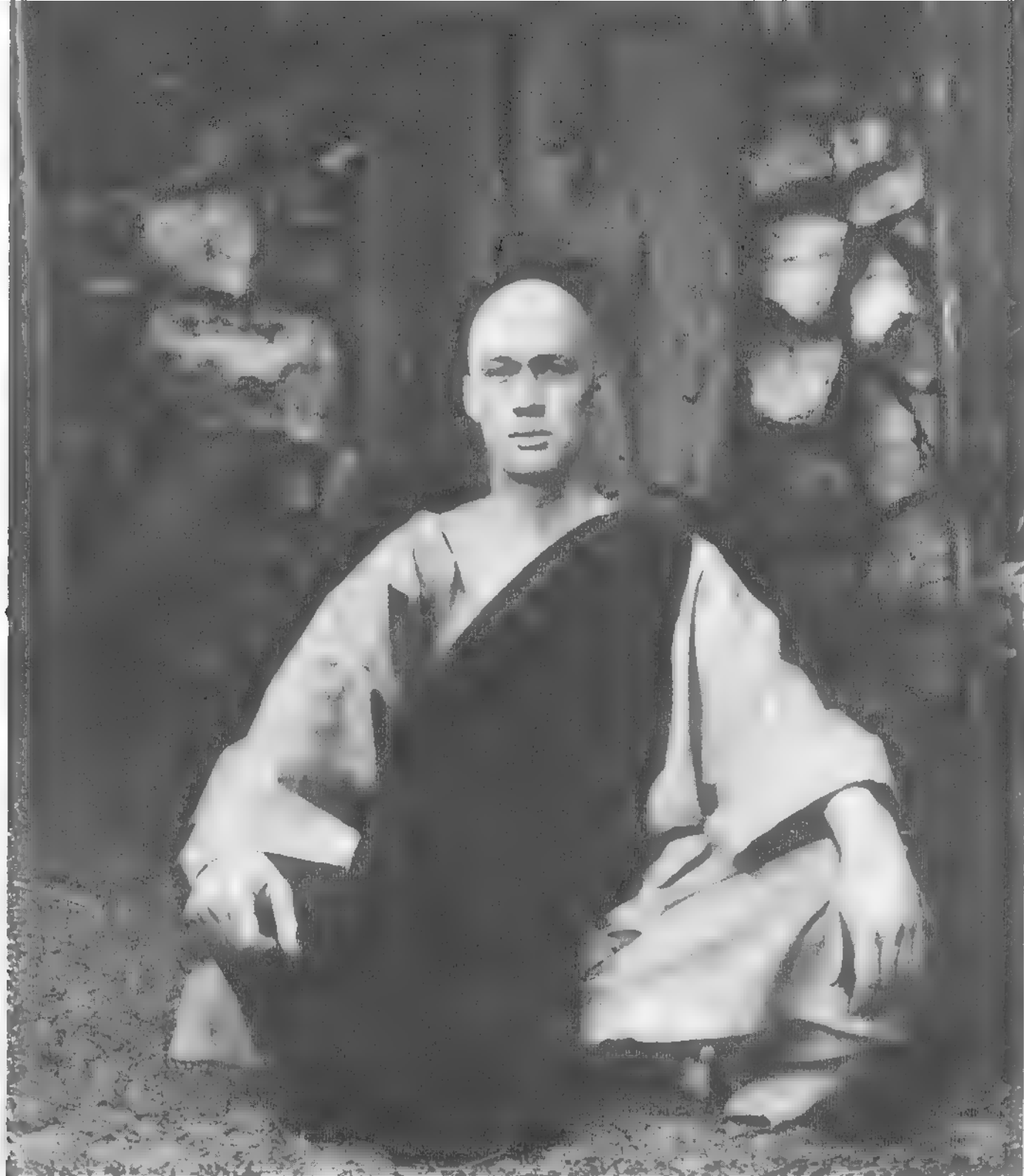


primer. We are ■ swimmer testing the temperature by sticking his toes in. We have not dived full into the waters yet.

The Shaolin temples do not exist any more. Here and there the actual buildings may still exist, but they are empty, lifeless restorations. That which was Shaolin is all but extinct now, as a result of the Communist takeover of China.

The Shaolin was an ultimate example of "the wealth of poverty" and remained astonishingly unperverted in this respect to the end. The temples were built on land granted them, usually by persons having no heirs to bequeath the land to. The monks would make incense





Kwai Chang Caine. Priest and Warrior. A man who has found true inner peace.

and such, which people would buy when they came to worship, and this money was used for food. When the rainy seasons came (and people stayed home), monks would go to the villages for pledges of rice.

The Shaolin temples were much more than merely training academies for the Martial Arts. You may be surprised to learn that not all Shaolin monks were Martial Artists, only those who wished to learn the skills. There were all types of other work to be done as well; and other skills, including farming, weaving, painting and cooking. The temples also had nuns. They lived in different quarters, but it was all part of the temple. The nuns shaved their heads, as did the monks, and wore the same robes as the monks.

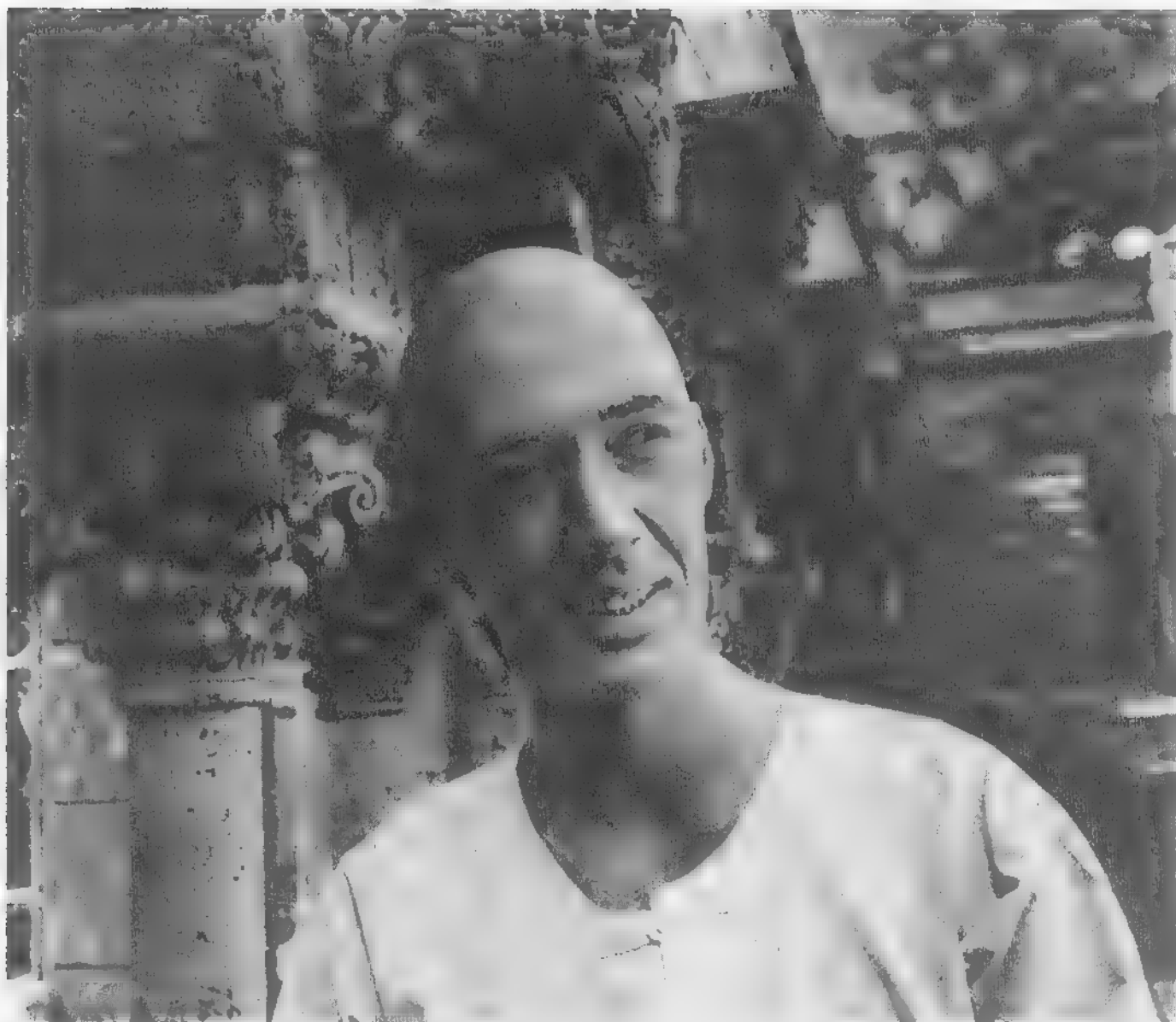
Meditation was stressed in Shaolin training and daily life, and would occupy as much time as Martial Arts training. Each meditation would have a specific goal in mind, ultimately spiritual fulfillment; but it also served well in conditioning the physical body.

I stated earlier that not every monk was a Martial Artist. Well, to confuse you further, not everyone in the temple, living there, was a monk or nun. For example, if a poor family had a child it couldn't afford to raise, or if the child were deathly ill, they would then take the child to the temple to be raised and cared for by the monks. The children would not necessarily become monks or nuns themselves. They would have to wait until they eighteen or so to decide, and then only with their family's



Born in China, then orphaned, Caine was raised by Shaolin monks.





The Shaolin Temple. Here young Caine grew to manhood, and left to find his destiny. He is still searching.

permission. But orphans found and taken into the temple with no family or life to return to were trained from the outset to become monks or nuns. Everyone, despite their eventual end, would train together, but the "little monks" or "little nuns" were worked very much harder, as they were preparing for a life of abstinence and hardship. To add to the chaos, it should be pointed out that there were varied kinds of monks of the Shaolin. Some might shave their heads, others not, some were transient and roamed from temple to temple, others were fixed.

Those students that did not become "ordained" in the temple would leave when they were 21. Sometimes they would leave sooner, but they could not stay past twenty-one. (I wonder from time to time how that age got to be so universal a magic number). At such time a ceremony is held which includes the burning of the emblems on the wrist; so you see Caine may or may not be a monk.

The students becoming monks or nuns would be "ordained" somewhere around their twenty-fifth year. Theirs was a total commitment, sacrificing everything, often involving vows to never become a citizen, and being made impotent. The latter could be achieved by placing (after the student was shaved) a knot of grass,

placing it on a certain soft spot on the head and burning it. The grass is twisted, like a fuse, and burns very slow and the student might chant to blank out any pain. When it is done, the skin and the nerves underneath would be burned, destroyed. Nerves that make intercourse possible.

You can see that Shaolin life was far more intricate and complex than just some fancy kung fu kwoon. We have barely scratched the surface here, but now some of those flashbacks on the *Kung Fu* television show will make more sense, or at least become more meaningful. And maybe I managed to get you interested enough to check out the Shaolin for yourself. I kind of hope so. It won't be easy, but your efforts will be rewarded in the understanding of a people and a way of life. You may not understand all that it is, but it will give you a lot to think about!

The Shaolin temples may be little more than edifices now, the way of the Shaolin dying as the numbers of known practitioners lessen. But perhaps, if I may indulge wistful thinking, a bit of the Shaolin is in us all— not the discipline or training perhaps, but the goals of peace and serenity within oneself. Perhaps, in that respect, the way of the Shaolin is immortal. I hope so. . . .

CHAPTER 3:

THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU

"NATURE CREATED THE WORLD TO BE **ONE** WITH ITSELF, THE **WATERS** NOURISHING THE **LAND**, THE AIR BREATHING UNIFORM LIFE TO THE **WHOLE** OF ITS SURFACE.

"BUT MAN **DIVIDED** THE WORLD WITH NONEXISTENT **BORDERS** SPLIT THE WHOLE INTO FRAGMENTED REGIONS CALLED **NATIONS...** AND THE WORLD **SUFFERED**.

"AND WHERE THE **WORLD** SUFFERED, **MAN** SUFFERED... AND **MAN DIED**, ATTEMPTING TO SHAPE HIS NATION INTO AN ENTITY GREATER THAN THE REST OF THE WORLD.

"BUT **SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH** HAS TOLD ME OF AN ORGANIZATION CALLED THE **UNITED NATIONS**. ITS NAME IS **FALSE**, FOR IT DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO **UNITE** THE WORLD INTO A **WHOLE...** AND YET IT **DOES** ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE **SUFFERING** BY RESOLVING THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE WORLD'S **DIVIDED** REGIONS.



"AND NOW THE **UNITED NATIONS** **ITSELF** HAS BEEN **DIVIDED...**"

"FOR THIS REASON, I HAVE COME TO THE OFFICE BUILDING WHICH DISGUISES FU MANCHU'S NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS."

"I MUST SPEAK WITH MY FATHER, AND LEARN IF IT IS HE WHO HAS DIVIDED THE UNITED NATIONS... AND WISHES TO MAKE THE WORLD **SUFFER**."



oops. SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO TAP YOUR FOOT...

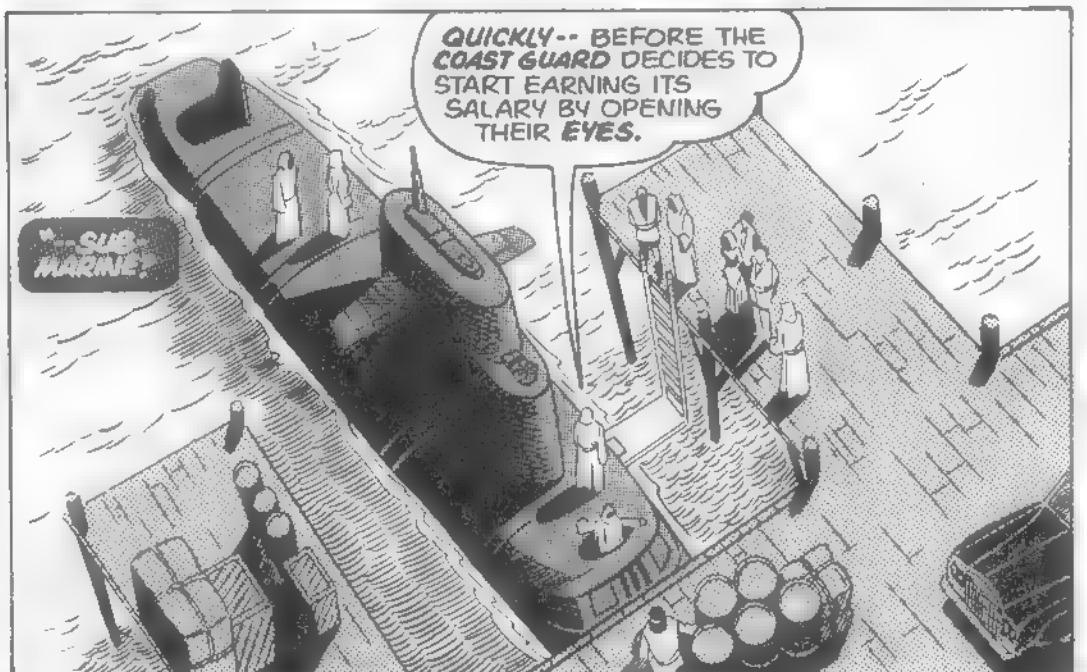
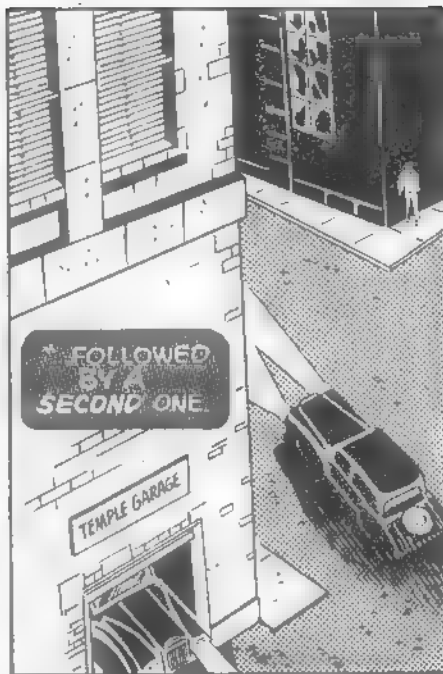
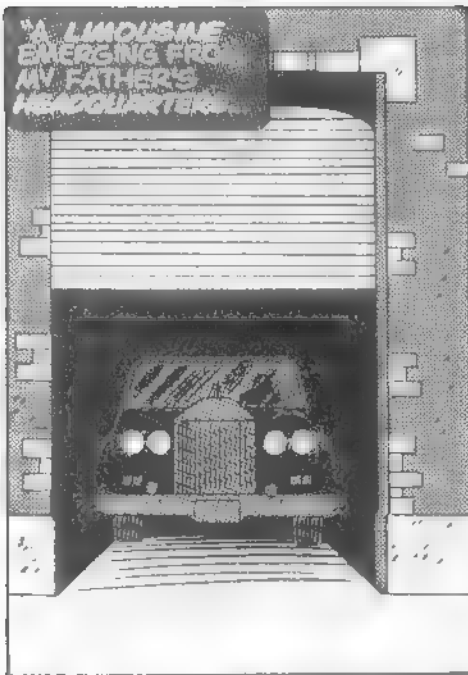


BUT CAN YOU SPARE A DIME FOR A BLIND MAN?



I AM SORRY...





"I MUST ALSO **RECORD**
THIS SUBMARINE



"**SECRETLY.**



COME ON-- YOU'RE
THE LAST ONE.



WHAT'S
TAKING
YOU SO
LONG?



DON'T
FORGET TO
FASTEN THAT
HATCH BEHIND
YOU.



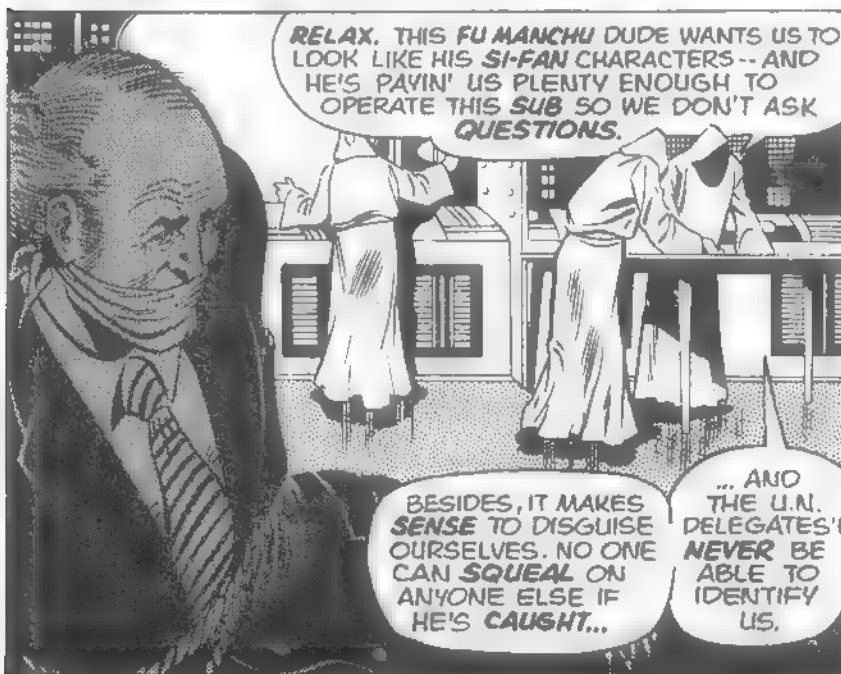
"MY HANDS PRETEND THAT
MY EARS ARE DEAF."

NOW, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO
TAKE THE SUB OUT TO THIS
POINT JUST BEYOND THE
EIGHT-MILE LIMIT INTO
INTERNATIONAL WATERS
...AND WAIT.

SOUNDS
SIMPLE
ENOUGH...
EXCEPT
FOR THESE
STUPID
ROBES.



RELAX. THIS FU MANCHU DUDE WANTS US TO
LOOK LIKE HIS SI-FAN CHARACTERS-- AND
HE'S PAYIN' US PLENTY ENOUGH TO
OPERATE THIS SUB SO WE DON'T ASK
QUESTIONS.



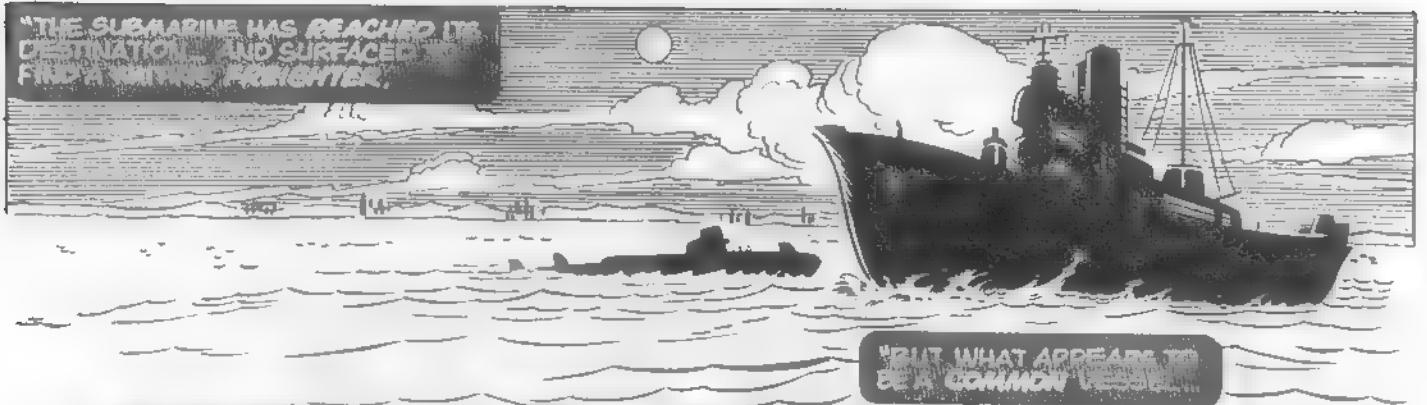
BESIDES, IT MAKES
SENSE TO DISGUISE
OURSELVES. NO ONE
CAN **SQUEAL** ON
ANYONE ELSE IF
HE'S CAUGHT...

... AND
THE U.N.
DELEGATES'LL
NEVER BE
ABLE TO
IDENTIFY
US.

SO HOW CAN WEARIN'
THE ROBES HURT?



"THE SUBMARINE HAS REACHED ITS DESTINATION... AND SURFACED... FIND A SINKING FREIGHTER."



"BUT WHAT APPEARS TO BE A COMMON VESSEL..."



"...REVEALED TO HOST'S MOST UNCOMMON PASSENGER."



"YOU HAVE DONE WELL."



"AND FU MANCHU--"



"--SHALL RICHLY REWARD YOU..."



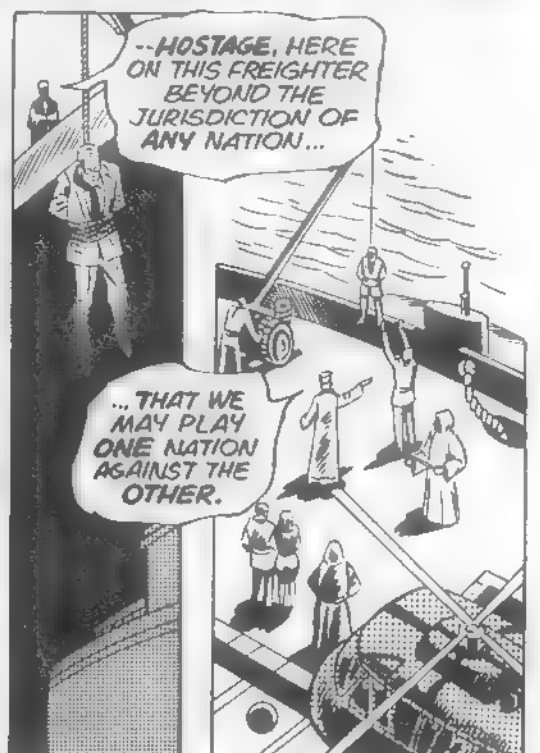
"BUT NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE HOISTED THE CAPTIVE DELEGATES ABOARD THIS FREIGHTER."



"FOR IT IS ONLY BY HOLDING BOTH AMERICAN--"



"-- AND CHINESE DELEGATES--"



"--HOSTAGE, HERE ON THIS FREIGHTER BEYOND THE JURISDICTION OF ANY NATION..."

"...THAT WE MAY PLAY ONE NATION AGAINST THE OTHER."



"AND NOW YOU WILL AGAIN SUBMERGE. REMAIN IN THIS VICINITY..."

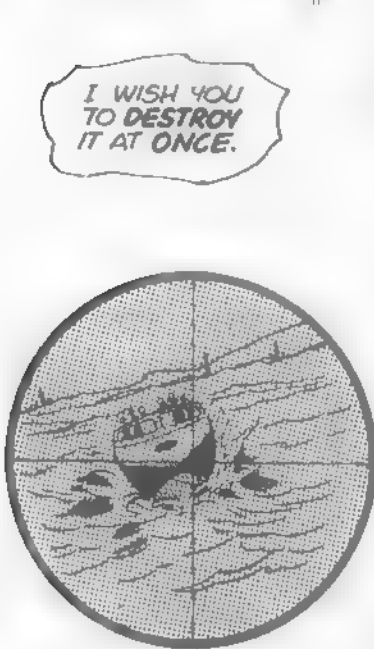
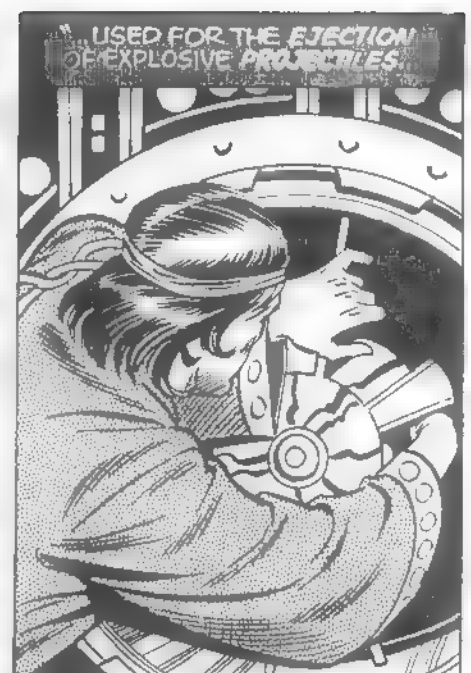
"...UNTIL I ADVISE YOU FURTHER."

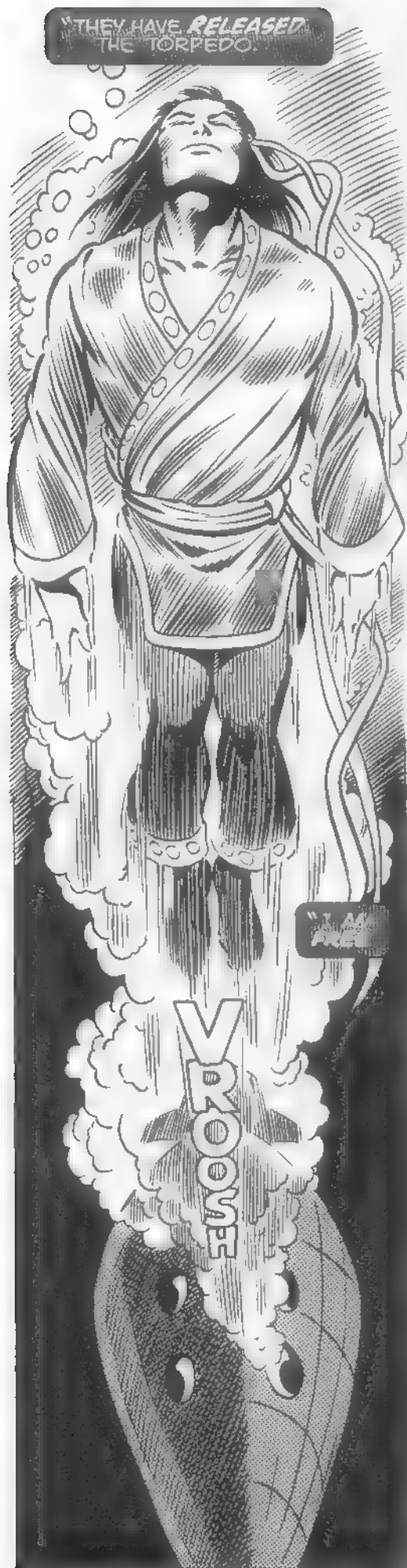


"I HAD HOPED THESE MEN WERE TO BOARD THE FREIGHTER, AND REMAIN WITH THE DELEGATES..."



"BUT NOW TRAPPED THIS VESSEL BENEATH THE SEA IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO FREE MY FATHER'S HOSTAGES..."





"THEY HAVE RELEASED
THE TORPEDO."



SHOULD BE
HITTING
JUST ABOUT...

... NOW!



HUH--?!

NOTHING'S
HAPPENING.



THE CRUISER'S
STILL COMING!!



FOOLS!!

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO
PRIME THE TORPEDO!



NO-- IT LEFT
THE CHAMBER.
THEN IT
MUST'VE BEEN
DEFECTIVE.

BETTER LOAD
ANOTHER
ONE INTO--

SOMEBODY
DEFUSED
EVERY LAST
TORPEDO
ABOARD
SHIP--!

NO--?!!



BUT
WHO?

WHO--?!!

"I BREAK THE SURFACE
TO GREET WELCOMED AIR.
THE FREIGHTER IS NEAR..."



AGAIN MY PLANS HAVE BEEN FOULED BY INTERFERENCE.

SELECT TWO DELEGATES FROM EACH NATION-- QUICKLY!



MY HELICOPTER WILL NOT ACCOMMODATE A GREATER NUMBER... NOR WILL ANY MORE THAN THESE FOUR BE NECESSARY.

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE--!



PRECISELY, MR. DELEGATE. THE AUTHORITIES IN YOUR PRECIOUS AMERICA WILL BE GREATLY OUTRAGED...



... WHEN THEY CONCLUDE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED BY CHINESE AGENTS.

AND YOUR FELLOW DELEGATES' COMRADES IN CHINA--



--WILL BE SIMILARLY OUTRAGED...

... AND ONLY TOO EAGER TO PLACE THE BLAME ON THE IMPERIALIST AMERICANS.



AND IN THIS MANNER, I--

WHO--?!



SHANG-CHI--?!

STOP HIM--!!

"MY FATHER'S SCHEME OF PITTING TWO NATIONS AGAINST ONE ANOTHER IS SURPASSED... TERMS OF EVIL ONLY BY--



--HIS SCHEME OF PITTING TWO NATIONS AT ONE ANOTHER'S THROATS.

CHUD!

UNFFF!!

THE REST OF YOU-- WHERE ARE YOU?! STOP HIM!!

"MY FEET STRIKE
THE FREIGHTER'S
DECK..."

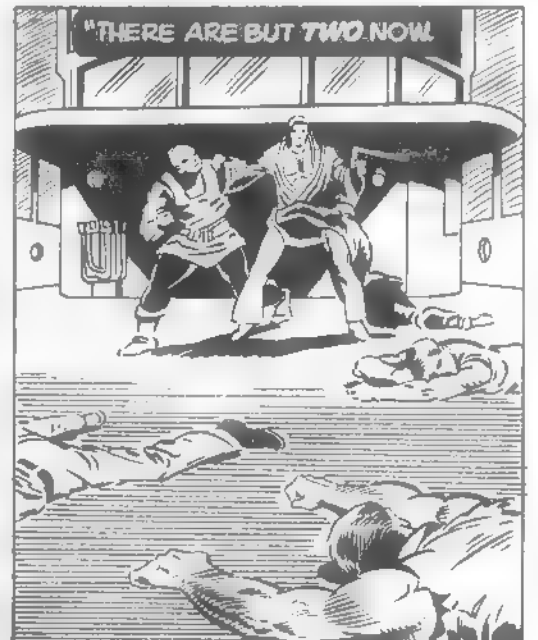
"...AND I LEAP FORWARD..."

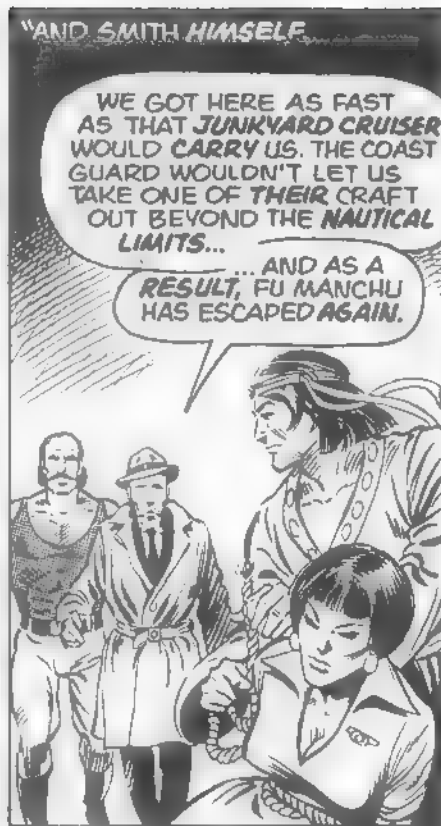
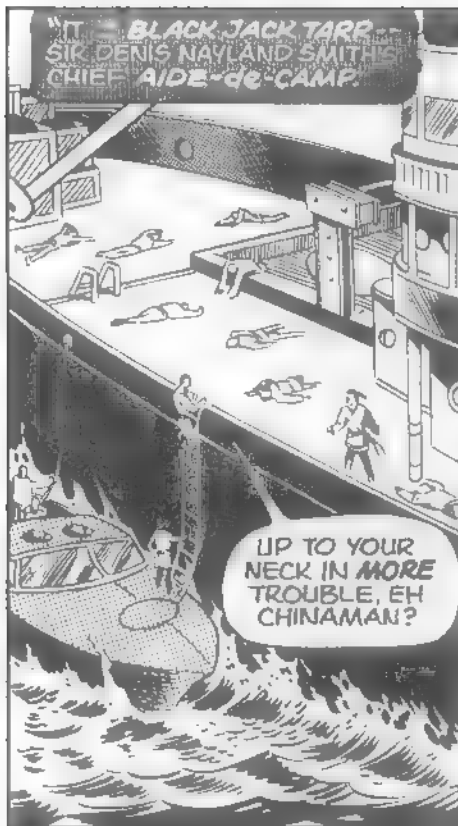
"TO GREET MY
FATHER'S CULT
OF SI-FAN
ASSASSINS."

"AND WHEN I HAVE
DEFEATED THE
LAST ONE..."

"THERE ARE MORE"

"THE ONES FROM THE SUB-
MARINE... WITHOUT THEIR ROBES."







EPILOG:

YOU ARE IRON FIST? YOU SEEM
DOWN SMILE, BUT THIS EYE
SMILE AS YOU READ. NEWSPAPER
BLOWN YOUR WAY BY A CHANCE
OF WIND.



IT SEEMS THERE
IS SOME JUSTICE
IN THE
WORLD
TER ALL.



SO YOU TURN AND PUT THOUGHTS
OF YOUR RECENT DEFEAT WELL
BEHIND YOU. YOU TURN AND
WALK TOWARDS TOMORROW.



THE CHANCE OF WIND CARRIES
THE DISCARDED PAPER DOWN
THE NIGHT-SILENT STREETS OF
MANHATTAN.



AND PAST THREE MEN
WITH WHOM YOU HAVE UN-
KNOWINGLY SHARED AN
ADVENTURE AND A
CAUSE.

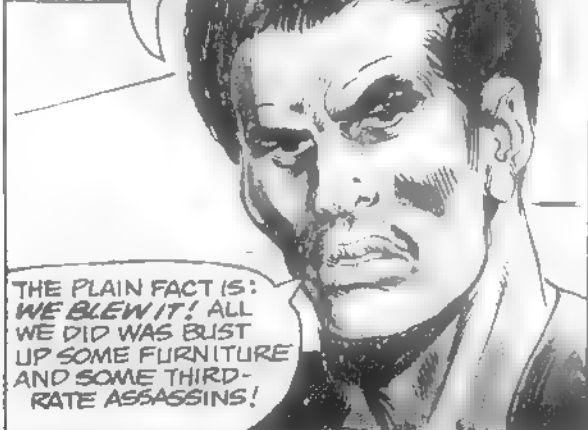


IT LOOKS LIKE IT,
BROTHER. WE GET
OUR TAILS SPANKED
BECAUSE WE "INTER-
FERED" WITH UN-
SECURITY--

--AND SOME
MYSTERY MEN
COME FROM LEFT
FIELD TO SAVE
THE DELEGATES.
I WONDER WHO
THOSE GUYS WERE?



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, LIN.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE
ME ANY OF THAT PHILOS-
OPHY STUFF ABOUT HOW
WE PLAYED OUT OUR
ASSIGNED ROLES,
ARE YOU?



THE PLAIN FACT IS:
WE BLEW IT! ALL
WE DID WAS BUST
UP SOME FURNITURE
AND SOME THIRD-
RATE ASSASSINS!

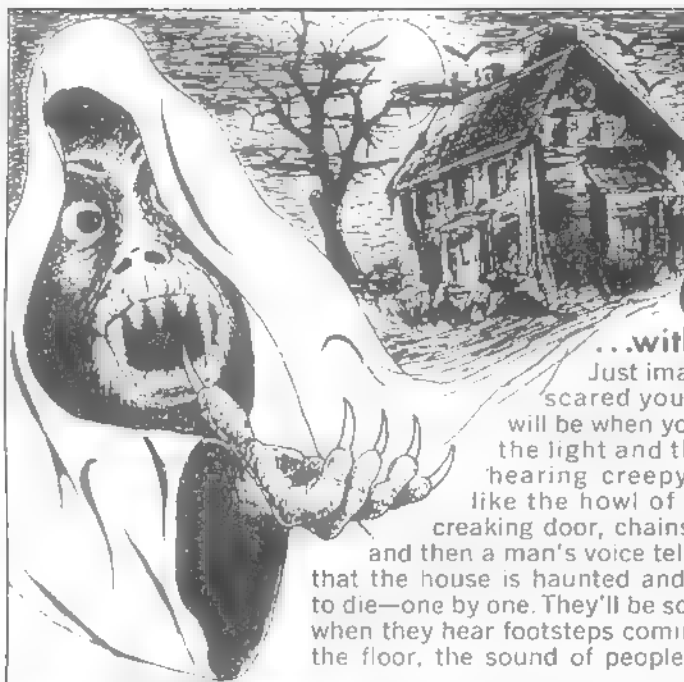
SO DON'T TRY TO CON
ME WITH THAT STUFF,
CHECK?



ACTUALLY, ALL I WAS
GOING TO DO WAS
SUGGEST WE GO OUT
AND GET A STEAK.

'TILL NEXT
SUMMER...





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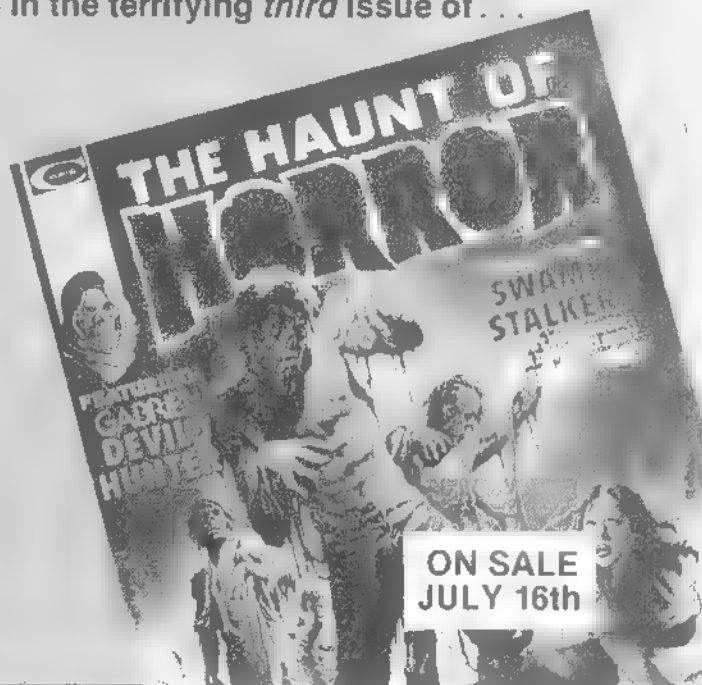


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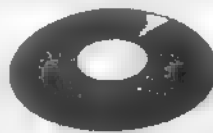
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FDR sat here.

At the age of 39, Franklin Delano Roosevelt contracted polio. He went to bed one night feeling ill, and in the morning he couldn't get up. He couldn't walk.

He had a handicap. And yet, seven years later, he became governor of New York. Eleven years later, President of the United States.

He led the country out of the dark days of the depression, and still in a wheelchair, through the bitter years of a world war.

He was obviously as smart sitting down as he was standing up. And he was willing to work hard enough to prove it to himself and to the people of America.

Today, there are millions of Americans with physical and mental disabilities. Millions of people with handicaps. And they, too, realize that they have to prove themselves.

But all too often, they don't get the chance.

They don't get the understanding they need to gain the confidence to ask for a break. Or they find the physical barriers to entering and leaving buildings, or to using public transportation, so discouraging that they don't even try.

And this is a tragic waste. This is the real handicap.

What can you do to help? You can take the time to think. You can take the trouble to understand. You can give these people your confidence, so they can have confidence in themselves. And you can give them the same chance you'd give anyone else.

Then, when you've given all this, you can do one final thing. You can stop thinking of them as handicapped. And start thinking of them as friends and neighbors, as people with talent and contribution to make to the world.

Isn't it about time we stopped handicapping the handicapped?

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"Darwin's Missing Link" they called Krao, the hairy girl from Thailand. She was a Ringling Brothers star for years.



Mexican-born Lucia Zarate, smallest woman that ever lived, was under 20 inches tall, weighed 5 pounds.



Myrtle Corbin had four legs. She is pictured with her husband and one of her five children.



Laloo, from India, had a small twin attached to his breastbone. The twin was dressed as a girl.



Daughter of a Ringling Brothers fat lady, Baby Ruth Pontico weighed 815 pounds.

These are just a few of the many "mistakes of Nature" included in Frederick Drimmer's fascinating new book, **VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE**. What makes them very special is that they were all born "curiosities" and they all lived unusual lives. Like Chang and Eng, the original Siamese twins, who were joined at the chest for life. They married sisters, set up separate homes, and fathered 22 children between them!

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As a youngster, Francesco Lentini was so shocked at what he saw in an institution for the severely handicapped that he never complained about his third leg again.



Julia Pastrana (1832-1860) was so ugly that what Marilyn Monroe was to loveliness.



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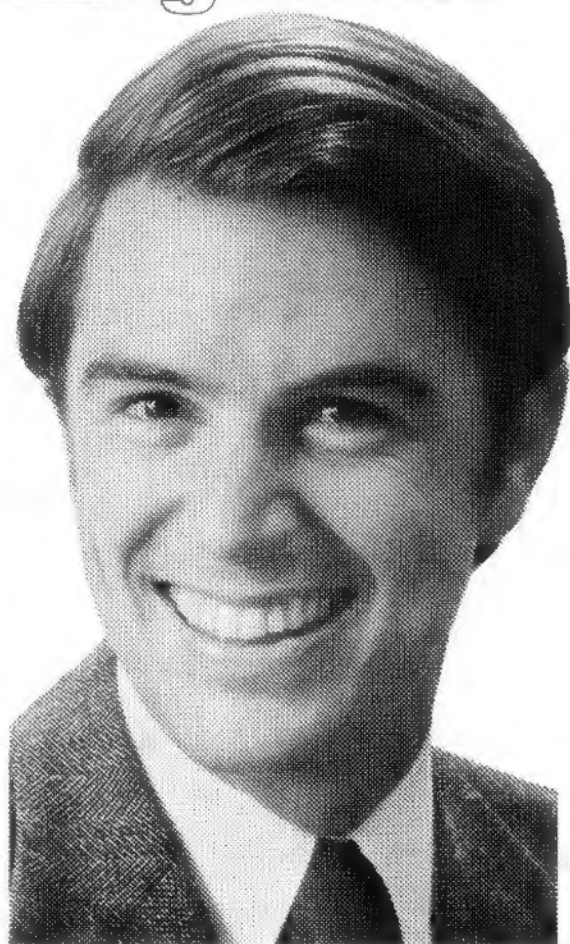
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